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Mexico's Army and Ours

By Jack London

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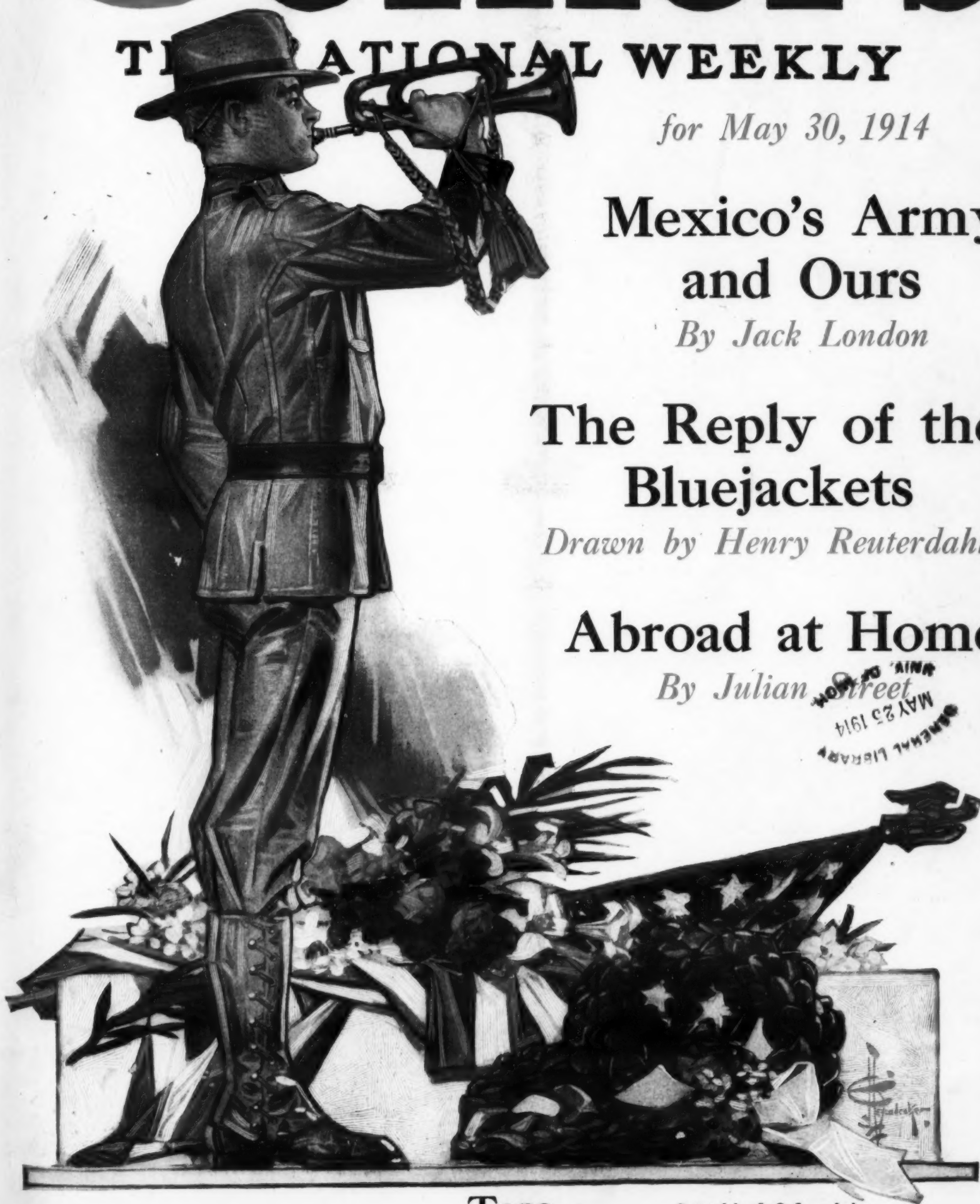
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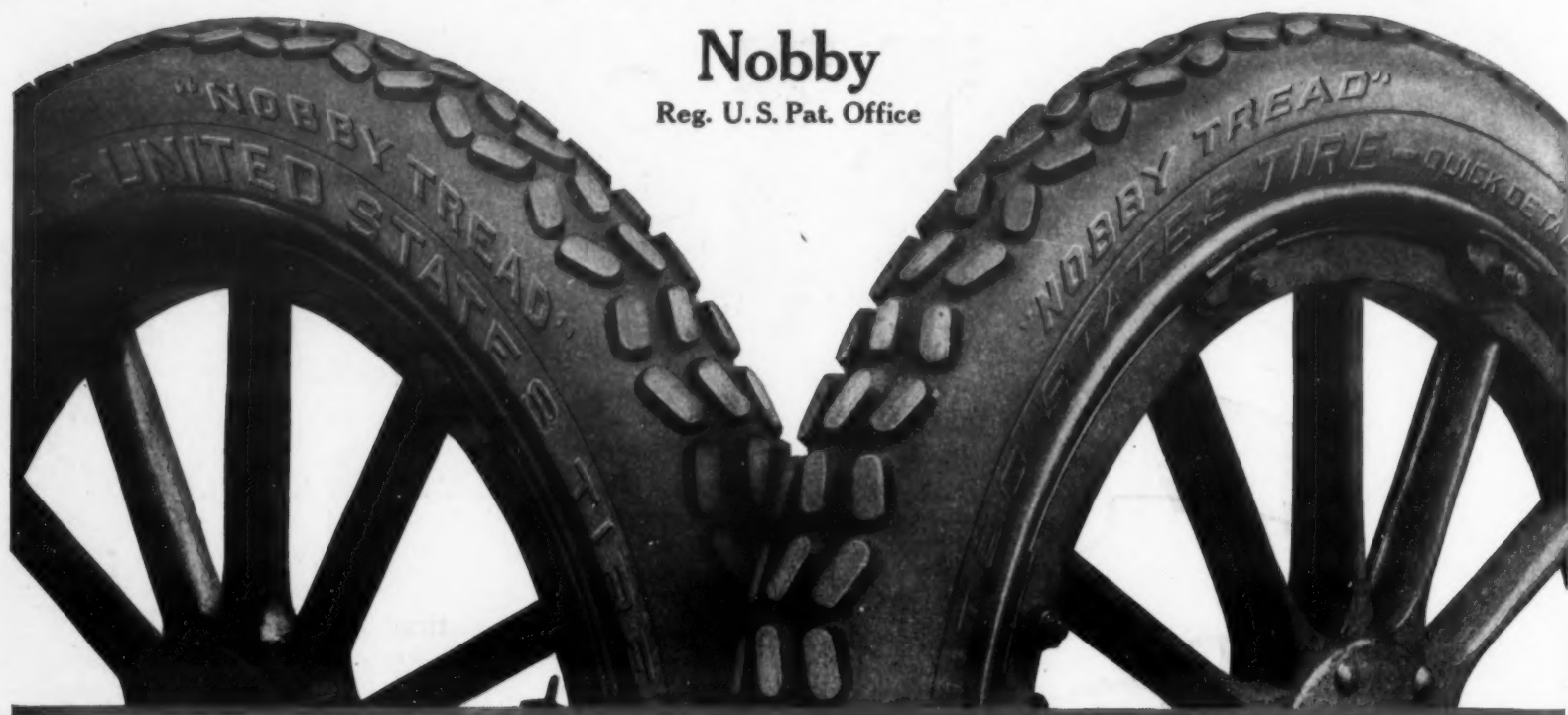
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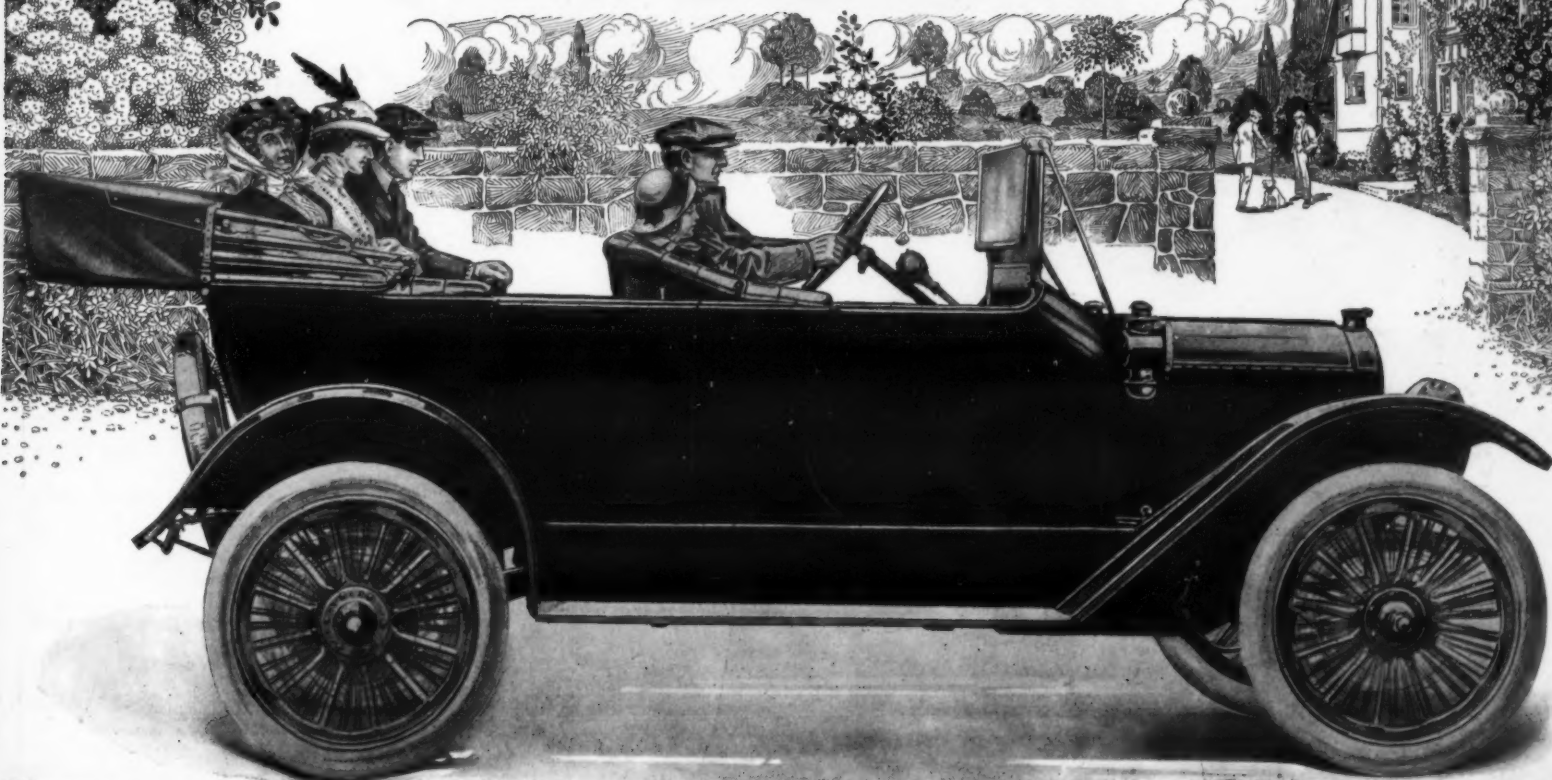
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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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MARK SULLIVAN, EDITOR

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Mexico's Army and Ours

By Jack London

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

MANY officers and men have I shaken hands with in the brief days since this wave of war rolled south and broke on the shore of Mexico, and no officer nor man have I found who was immune to a certain infection. This infection, however, might be described in surgical jargon as "beneficent." On the face of it every mother's son of them has told me something that cannot possibly be true. Only one out of all of them could have told the truth, and it is beyond my powers of discernment to pick out this man. But I have yet to meet an officer of soldiers or marines who has not only solemnly assured me but with glistening eyes of enthusiasm has averred that his regiment or battalion, officers and men, for discipline and efficiency, is the finest in the entire army of the United States. Furthermore, each one disclaims any personal prejudice in the matter, and usually concludes with the statement that it is generally conceded in army circles that his regiment or battalion is the finest. I wonder if such esprit de corps exists in the Mexican army. What our army and navy is was splendidly demonstrated when our bluejackets marched aboard their ships before our drawn-up soldiers while Admiral Fletcher transferred the command of Vera Cruz to General Funston. Boys they were, all boys, the flower of the young men of our land, and they marched with the clacking rhythm of "boots, boots" on the pavement along the broad lane formed by the regulars on one side presenting arms and on the other side cheering American civilians. It was a joy to see the faces that tried not to smile with pleasure over the applause for work well done, and to catch the involuntary sideward glances of boyish eyes not yet quite disciplined to the level impassive look of war.

These thousands of sailors marched straight down the dock end and disappeared. The effect was uncanny. What was becoming of them? The smokestacks of a couple of tugs showed at the dock end, and that was all.

And yet the river of men flowed on and on, sailors and marines, officers, bands, hospital squads, and moving banners, sun-tanned men of the *Arkansas*, the *Florida*, the *Utah*, the *San Francisco*, the *New Hampshire*, the *South Carolina*, the *Vermont*, the *Chester*, and the *New Jersey*, all without hitch or halt, and disappeared. It reminded one of the tank of the New York Hippodrome, when the long lines of stage soldiers march down into the water, knee-high, hip-high, shoulder-high, then heads under and are gone.

But out at the dock end, besides the tugs, was a flotilla of launches and cutters that received those thousands as fast as they arrived and carried them at a single trip to the battleships lying in the inner and outer harbors.

Two Types of "Gringo" Fighting Men

OUR soldiers and sailors are markedly different in type. It must be curious how this happens to be so. Do land life and sea life make the difference?

Or does one common type of man elect the sea and another common type elect the land? The sailors are shorter, broader shouldered, thicker set. The soldiers are taller, leaner, longer legged. Their faces are leaner, their lips thinner. They seem to the eye tougher, stringier, sterner. The sailors' faces seem broader across the cheek bones. Their lips seem fuller, their bodies more rounded.

Most notable is the difference when they are grouped into marching masses. The sailors have a swinging, springing, elastic stride. The soldiers' legs move more mechanically, more like clockwork legs, with a very tiny minimum of waste

motion. It is prettier to watch the sailors marching with all the swaying elasticity of their bodies, and yet one receives the impression that, when it comes to the long killing hiking, the soldiers would easily outwalk their comrades of the sea. A great throng of Mexicans, numbers of them without doubt having sniped our sailors during the first days, looked on this display of what manner of men we send to war. The haste and advertisement with which they doffed their hats to the Stars and Stripes were absurd and laughable.

One cannot but imagine what the situation would be like were it reversed—were Vera Cruz populated by Americans and in the possession of a Mexican army. First of all, our jefe politico, or mayor, would have been taken out and shot against a wall.

Against walls all over the city our soldiers and civilians would have been lined up and shot. Our jails would have been emptied of criminals, who would be made soldiers and looters. No American's life would be safe, especially if he were known to possess any money. Law, save for harshest military law, such as has been meted out by conquerors since the human world began, would have ceased. So would all business have ceased. He who possessed food would hide it, and there would be hungry women and children.

Quite the contrary has been our occupation of Vera Cruz. To the amazement of the Mexicans, there was no general slaughter against blank walls. Instead of turning the prisoners loose, their numbers were added to. Every riotous and disorderly citizen, every sneak thief and petty offender, was marched to the city prison the moment he displayed activity. The American conquerors bid for the old order that had obtained in the city, and began the bidding by putting the petty offenders to sweeping the streets.

No property was confiscated. Anything commandeered for the use of the army was paid for, and well paid for. Men who owned horses, mules, carts, and automobiles competed with one another to have their property commandeered. The graft which all business men suffered at the hands of their own officials immediately ceased. Never in their lives had their property been so safe and so profitable. Incidentally, the diseases that stalk at the heels of war did not stalk. On the contrary, Vera Cruz was cleaned and disinfected as it had never been in all its history.

The Various Benefits of Being Conquered

IN SHORT, American occupation gave Vera Cruz a bull market in health, order, and business. Mexican paper money appreciated. Prices rose. Profits soared. Verily, the Vera Cruzans will long remember this being conquered by the Americans, and yearn for the blissful day when the Americans will conquer them again. They would not mind thus being conquered to the end of time.

An exciting sight was the cleaning up of the Naval School, which had been so disorganized the first day by the five minutes of shell fire from the *Chester*. Immediately the city had been turned over to the army by the navy, the first battalion of the Fourth Infantry and Fourth Field Artillery descended upon the Naval School. In a trice every window was vomiting forth the debris that clogged the interior. And then was fought the second battle of the Naval School. Thousands of poor Mexicans—men, women, and children—surrounded the building and battled over the old shoes, shattered furniture, and discarded clothes. It was the women who fought fiercest and most vociferously, and, to the accompaniment of much hair pulling, many a pair of linen trousers had its legs ir-



The soldiers' legs move more mechanically than the sailors', more like clockwork legs. . . It is prettier to watch the sailors marching with all the swaying elasticity of their bodies, and yet one receives the impression that, when it comes to the long killing hiking, the soldiers would easily outwalk their comrades of the sea



The whole
appearance of the
Americans
bespeaks efficiency

revocably separated. They struggled and squabbled and ran hither and thither like ants about a honey-pot. For once war was kind to them, and, instead of being looted, they were themselves tasting the joys of looting. And alas! I saw the ruined pretties rain down amid the mortar dust from my lady's boudoir and the two red, high-heeled Spanish slippers borne off in opposite directions by gleeful Indian women.

Fighting Qualities of the Peon

AS I write this, beneath my window, with a great clattering of hoofs on the asphalt, is passing a long column of mountain batteries, all carried on the backs of our big Government mules. And as I look down at our sun-bronzed troopers in their olive drab, my mind reverts to the review the other day of our soldiers and sailors. Surely, if the peon soldiers of Mexico could all have been brought down to witness what manner of soldiers and equipment was ours, there would have been such a rush for the brush that ten years would not have seen the last of them dug out of their hiding places.

And yet this is not fair. The peon soldier is not a coward. Stupid he well is, just as he is illy trained and sillily officered; but he is too much of a fatalist as well as a savage to be grossly afraid of death. The peon bends to the mailed fist of power, but never breaks. Like the fellah of Egypt, he patiently endures through the centuries and watches his rulers come and go.

Changes of government mean to the peon merely changes of the everlasting master. His harsh treatment and poorly rewarded toil are ever the same, unchanging as the sun and seasons. He has little to lose and less to gain. He is born to an unlovely place in life. It is the will of God, the law of existence.

With rare exceptions he does not dream that there may be a social order wherein can be no masters of the sort he knows. He has always been a slave. He was a slave to the Toltecs and Aztecs, to the Spaniards, and to the Mexicans descended from the Aztecs and the Spaniards. It must not be concluded that there is no hope for him in the future. He is what he is to-day, and what he has been for so long, because he has been made so by a cruel and ruthless selection.

The Elimination of the Spirited

IF A breeder should stock his farm with the swiftest race horses obtainable, and employ a method of selection whereby only the slowest and clumsiest horses were bred, it would not be many generations before he would have a breed of very slow and very clumsy horses. Life is plastic and varies in all directions. Occasionally this breeder would find a beautiful, swift colt born on his farm. Since kind begets kind, he would eliminate such a colt and perpetuate only the slow and clumsy.

Now this is just the sort of selection that has been applied to the peon for many centuries. Whenever a peon of dream and passion and vision and spirit was born he was eliminated. His masters wanted lowly, docile, stupid slaves, and resented such a variation. Soon or late the spirit of such a peon mani-

festated itself and the peon was shot or flogged to death. He did not beget. His kind perished with him whenever he appeared.

But life is plastic and can be molded by selection into diverse forms. The horse breeder can reverse his method of selection, and from slow and clumsy sires and dams breed up a strain of horses beautiful and swift. And so with the peon. For the present generation of him there is little hope. But for the future generations a social selection that will put a premium of living on dream and passion and vision and spirit will develop an entirely different type of peon.

A Soldier Against His Will

BUT we must not make the mistake of straying after far goals. The time is now. We live now. Our problem, the world problem, the peon problem, is now. The peon we must consider is the peon as he is now—the selected burden bearer of the centuries. He has never heard of economic principles, nor a square deal. Nor has he thrilled, save vaguely, to the call of freedom—in which event freedom has meant license, and, as robber and bandit, he has treated the weak and defenseless in precisely the same way he has been accustomed to being treated.

I was through a Mexican barracks. It was like a jail. All the windows were barred. They had to be barred so that the conscript peon soldiers might not escape. Most of them do not like to be soldiers. They are compelled to be. All over Mexico they gather the peons into the jails and force them to become soldiers. Sometimes they are arrested for petty infractions of the law. A peon seeks to gladden his sad existence by drinking a few cents' worth of half-spoiled pulque. The maggots of intoxication begin to crawl in his brain, and he is happy in that for a space he has forgotten himself in God knows what dim drunken imaginings. Then the long arm of his ruler reaches out through the medium of many minions, and the peon, sober with an aching head, finds himself in jail waiting the next draft to the army. Often enough he does not have to commit any petty infraction. He is railroaded to the front just the same.

He does not know whom he fights for, for what, or why. He accepts it as the system of life. It is a very sad world, but it is the only world he knows. This is why he is not altogether a coward in battle. Also it is why, in the midst of battle or afterward, he so frequently changes sides. He is not fighting for any principle, for any reward. It is a sad world, in which witless, humble men are just forced to fight, to kill, and to be killed. The merits of either banner are equal, or, rather, so far as he is concerned, there are no merits to either banner.

He prays to God in some dim, dumb way, and vaguely imagines when he has been expedited from this sad world by a machete slash or bayonet thrust or high-velocity steel-jacketed bullet that all will be made square in that other world where God rules and where task-masters are not.

Yet, deep down in the true ribs of him, there is a vein of raw savagery in the peon. Of old he delighted in human sacrifice. To-day he delights in the not always skilled butchery of bulls in the game introduced by his late Spanish masters. He likes cock-fighting with curved steel spurs that slash to the heart of life and cast a crimson splash upon the dull gray of living.

His Fatalism

AND still the peon is not exsipated. There is another side to him. He is a born gambler, as well as fatalist, and he is not averse to taking a chance; though his own life be the stake, he plays against another's life. How else can be explained his nervy conduct, deserted by his officers, in defending Vera Cruz against our landing forces?

Now I am not altogether a coward. I have even been guilty on occasion of taking a chance. And yet I am frank to say that I would not dream of taking a chance on the flat roofs of Vera Cruz against thousands of American soldiers and a fleet of battle-ships with an effective range of five thousand yards. But this was the very chance many a peon sol-

dier took. He sniped our men from the roofs in the fond hope that he could kill a man and escape being killed himself. Also, he was stupid in that he did not realize how little chance he had. Nevertheless, and on top of it all, he was not afraid.

They say that he and his fellows even dared to crawl unwounded, amid the wounded, into the hospital cots under the Red Cross, and to draw blankets over themselves and their Mausers, and to crawl out occasionally to the roofs for another shot at our sailors. When it became too hot for them they hid among the wounded again. Now this is a deed too risky for my nerve or for the nerve of any intelligent man. But I insist that these Mexican soldiers were stupid enough voluntarily to take the chance. From this another conclusion may be drawn, namely, that the sorry soldier of Mexico is not altogether amiable and is prone to be nasty and dangerous to the American boys who have crossed the sea to take "peaceable" possession of a customhouse.

I saw the leg of a peon soldier amputated. It was a perfectly good leg, all except for a few inches of bone near the thigh which had been shattered to countless fragments by a wobbling, high-velocity American bullet. And as I gazed at that leg, limp yet with life, being carried out of the operating room, and realized that this was what men did to men in the twentieth century after Christ, I found myself in accord of sentiment with the peon: it is a sad world, a sad world!

An Example of Swift Destruction

IT IS a sad world wherein the millions of the stupid lowly are compelled to toil and moil at the making of all manner of commodities that can be and are on occasion destroyed in an instant by the hot breath of war. I have just come back from the vast Cuartel, or Barracks, of Vera Cruz. Such a destruction of the labor of men! Bales upon bales and mountains of bales of clothing, of uniforms of wool, of linen, of cotton, disrupted, torn to pieces, scattered about, infected by possible diseases that compel a final cleansing by fire. Huge squad rooms, knee-deep in the litter of things the toil of men has made—hats, caps, shirts, modern leather shoes and rude sandals of the sort worn on the north Mediterranean half a thousand years before the days of Julius Cæsar; saddles and saddle bags, spurs, bridles, and bits; entrenching tools, scattered contents of soldiers' ditty boxes, canteens and mess kits of tin, serapes from the north, mats from the hot countries, meals partly eaten, half-cooked messes of food in the kitchen pots, smashed Mausers, cymbals and tubes, drums and cornets of a brass band that had departed abruptly and bandless.

In the matter of a few minutes the feet of war had trod under foot and passed on. Those who fled had fled hastily, leaving their last-issued rations behind. Those who pursued had paused but long enough to fire a myriad shots and race on. The empty bandoliers marked the trail of the American sailors and marines. In the stables were the officers' automobiles and carromatas with seats for grooms behind. But there were no horses, and the automobiles had been smashed. Thousands of hours' toil of men's hands had been annihilated.

The streets of Vera Cruz teem with beggars. Our soldiers are pestered by the starving, ragged poor. A thousand meals cluttered the Cuartel, already mildewed and being eaten by cockroaches and stray cats; woven cloth and manufactured footgear sufficient for ten thousand poor were destined for the flames. I agree with the peon: It is a sad world. It is also a funny world.

A Square Deal?

THE query inevitably rises: How is the peon to get a square deal? And who will give him a square deal? By square deal is not meant the Utopian ideal dreamed of a far future, but the measure of fair treatment

that is possible here and now in civilized nations. The men of the civilized nations are only frail, fallible, human men, with all the weaknesses common to human men just in the process of emerging from barbarism. Nevertheless, with such men a squarer



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deal obtains than does obtain in savagery. The much-mixed descendants of the Spaniards and Aztecs can scarcely be called civilized. They have had over four centuries of rule in Mexico, and they have done anything but build a civilization. What measure of civilization they do possess is exotic. It has been introduced by north Europeans and Americans, and by north Europeans and Americans has it been maintained. The peon of to-day, under Mexican rule, is no better off than he was under Aztec rule. It is to be doubted that he is as well off. On the face of it, his much-mixed breed of rulers cannot give him the square deal that is possible to be given by more intelligent and humane rulers—that is given to-day by such rulers in other countries of the world.

Motes and Beams

THIS is the problem to-day for the big brother to the nations of the New World. Oh, make no mistake! The big brother's hands are not clean, nor is his history immaculate. But his hands are as clean and his history is as immaculate as are the hands and histories of the other nations in the thick of transition from barbarism and savagery. He even has societies for the prevention of cruelty to animals, the members of which very frequently interfere between a horse and its owner, and hale the owner to court for punishment.

The mixed-breed rulers of Mexico seem incapable of treating the peon with the measure of fairness that is possible in the world to-day and that is practiced in the world to-day. The Mexican peon residing in the United States at the present time—and there are many thousands of him—is far better treated than are his brothers south of the border.

Never mind what his legal status may be or is alleged to be. The fact is, the peon of Mexico, so far as liberty and a share in the happiness produced by

his toil is concerned, is as much a slave as he ever was. He is so much property to his rulers, who work him, not with treatment equal to that accorded a horse, but with harsher and far less considerate treatment.

Of course the owner of a horse, when arrested by

mismanaged property. But somehow the old order is hard to change. There is a narcotic magic in phrases and precedents. It is an established right for society to step in between a man and his horse, but it is still abhorrent for a nation to step in between a handful of rulers and their millions of mismanaged and ill-treated subjects. Yet such interference is logically the duty of the United States as the big brother of the countries of the New World. Nevertheless, the United States did so step in when it went to war with Spain over the ill treatment of the Cubans. But it required the blowing up of the *Maine* to precipitate its action.

Big Brother's Job

AND here in Mexico the United States has stepped in, still dominated by narcotic precedent, on the immediate pretext of a failure in formal courtesy about a flag. But why not have done with fooling? Why not toss the old flugs overboard and consider the matter clear-eyed? The exotic civilization introduced by America and Europe is being destroyed by the madness of a handful of rulers who do not know how to rule, who have never successfully ruled, and whose orgies at ruling

have been and are similar to those indulged in by drunken miners sowing the floors of barrooms with their fortunate gold dust.

The big brother can police, organize, and manage Mexico. The so-called leaders of Mexico cannot. And the lives and happiness of a few million peons, as well as of many millions yet to be born, are at stake.

The policeman stops a man from beating his wife. The humane officer stops a man from beating his horse. May not a powerful and self-alleged enlightened nation stop a handful of inefficient and incapable rulers from making a shambles and a desert of a fair land wherein are all the natural resources for a high and happy civilization?



Then was fought the second battle of the Naval School. Thousands of poor Mexicans—men, women, and children—surrounded the building and battled over the old shoes, shattered furniture, and discarded clothes. . . . They struggled and squabbled and ran hither and thither like ants about a honey-pot. For once war was kind to them, and, instead of being looted, they were themselves tasting the joys of looting

an agent of a humane society, indignantly protests that the horse is his property. But a wider social vision is growing in the foremost nations that property rights are a social responsibility, and that society can and must interfere between the owner and his

The Unfinished Drama

By Arthur Ruhl

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer

AS I NEARED the harbor of Vera Cruz and the western horizon gradually dissolved into sand hills, white walls, and a line of ships, I thought of the last time I had come through the blue Gulf to the selfsame port. It was just such another morning as this—indigo water, the soft humid smell of the tropics, the peaks of the Mexican mountains rising above the haze. And the ill-fated Francisco Madero, in the full flight of his tragic career, was landing from the south.

He had come up from Yucatan—it was in the last days before the election—bringing with him the young journalist, Pino Suarez, whom he insisted, in spite of opposition in the north, on making his vice president. Their little Mexican gunboat tied up to her dock as our Ward Lineer came to hers, and a shouting crowd—the roustabouts and cargadores of a seaport town, that brown, downtrodden mass which Madero dreamed of lifting—was there to greet him. There were "Vivas!" and band music, hundreds of little homemade skyrockets whizzed upward and burst in the bright tropical sunshine, and that night Madero talked hard work, thrift, and temperance to the wild cheers of men who climbed on each other's shoulders and flung up quivering hands at the prophet they fancied was going to bring them millennium.

We Supply What Madero Lacked

GONE was that dream—tarnished, broken down bit by bit, crushed, at last, by the brute force of a world which demands that dreamers shall have the strength—and good luck—to turn their visions into concrete fact.

And here was coming all that that unhappy man lacked—strength and clear-eyed efficiency, officers and men and 12-inch guns, all the beautiful, highly organized strength of these great gray fighting ships. What was ahead of us nobody knew—we were rushing to join the fleet. For days and nights the air had



The men who had taken Vera Cruz, dusty and sunburned now, came marching back to their ships, . . . with as little confusion and delay as if they had marched straight off the wharves on some sort of invisible bridge

crackled with radios—then the sudden shift from Tampico to Vera Cruz; then, the night before, the news that Admiral Fletcher had landed and the quiet order to "expedite."

Decks and awnings black with cinders, stokers throwing in their last ounce of strength, the whole great steel fabric quivering with speed, the big dreadnought plowed through the warm Gulf water and raised land at breakfast time. Across the still sea

now came the occasional thud of shell fire and the rattle of machine guns. As we slowed down to our anchorage a large open launch put-putted close under our quarter. The young bluejacket at her tiller looked up as if what he was doing were the most usual thing in the world—bringing the fleet its first dead. On a few boards amidships, four bodies, with faces covered, lay stiffly, side by side, in the bright sunshine. Our young sailormen, fresh from Middle Western farms many of them, in service kits and talking as if war were a picnic, went quiet as they looked over the rail. It was evidently not a picnic they had come to, at any rate.

When Resistance Meant Death

FROM the fire-control turret forward we had picked up through the glass a long yellowish facade near the water front, and a swarm of khaki-covered men moving backward and forward in front of it. The long building was the Naval School, just smashed by the shells from the *Prairie*, *Chester*, and *San Francisco*, and the little specks moving in front of it the sailors and marines who had stood up against the stiffest fire of the two days' fighting. Marching across the open space between the sea wall and the school, it was not until they were under its windows that the whole front blazed fire. It was not a pleasant ambush to walk into, and the spirit with which the landing party met its surprise was as admirable as the neatness with which the ships' gunners planted shells through the roof and along the upper story, to explode inside and wreck the building without hitting their own men.

No less remarkable was the behavior of those who chose to shut themselves up in such a place and open fire. It was like shutting one's self in the Aquarium on the sea wall in New York, and firing on a landing party from a fleet of battleships anchored between the Battery and the Statue of Liberty. They faced not only an overwhelming force but looked straight into

the guns of anchored battleships, a salvo from any one of which could have blown their building to bits.

Everywhere in the ruined dormitories were picture post cards and letters—bits of handwriting, all the more eloquent now that one did not know the fate of those to whom they were written. On the floor of one room, apparently that of an officer or instructor, were scores of letters addressed to the same woman—while she was still "Señorita," later when she had become his wife. "Little adored one," they began, and told, for instance, of a trip to San Francisco, "where everybody was curious to see a Mexican ship of war"; of the church at a little west coast port, "tiny but very comfortable and unusually clean, as if it were intended only for official affairs"; of the "tristeza" he had felt the day before, which "your letter tranquillized a little," yet "in the late afternoon the same profound sadness returned again, and very early, without lighting the lamp, I shut myself in my stateroom."

Another, from Guaymas, addressed to Mexico City, asked if she really wanted to keep quarreling. It was he, to be sure, who quarreled with her, yet was not she, too, a little to blame? He did not want to do something he would be sorry for, but to "care for her much, much more even than now." "Write me—it isn't too much to ask," and then an "Adios!" and the assurance that he loved her "con toda el corazón."

Glimpses like these, of how those who lived here had thought and felt, stared up at one from heaps of rubbish and plaster. School-boys, graduates, or convicts just out of jail, whoever they were, faced a fleet, and deserve to be remembered by their countrymen with the cadets who defended Chapultepec in '47.

A City's Fear

IT WAS afternoon before we could get ashore and the heavy fighting was over. The average Vera Cruzano no doubt expected that the town would be sacked, and was surprised when the outrageous stories of violence which the papers in the capital were already printing never came true. It was partly this misconception which made a peaceful occupation of a customhouse—a simple enough proceeding, doubtless, as viewed from Washington—so ironical a command. People asked breathlessly if the fleet were going to bombard the city that afternoon. One old woman begged me to permit her to go into the artillery barracks for her husband's *petate*—the rush mat which is the lower class Mexican's usual bed. We tramped upstairs and through a long room littered with Federal uniforms, guns and equipment, and out of scores like it she picked a ragged old mat and hurried away rejoicing.

People were trying to get into their houses, do a thousand little necessary things, and puzzled bluejackets under orders, and with nerves strung up to the breaking point by the knowledge that they might at any time be shot from ambush, were stopping them. One very respectable-looking old gentleman with his grown son was trying to get from the street corner to his house a few doors away. The sentry would not let them by, and, searching the old man, found two bottles in his inside pocket. They were medicine, he said, for his daughter, frightened to death by the firing, but the conscientious young blue-jacket, thinking, doubtless, they were poison, hurled them to the pavement.

One broke. The son, stooping excitedly to pick up the other to show that it contained only ether, contrived to throw the contents in his eyes. Howling with pain, he dashed round in a circle, the old gentleman raised despairing arms, women peeping through barred windows began to wring their hands. I finally got both father and son to their house, where the son, pointing out each in turn, explained that they were all really and truly the same family—this his wife, this his mother, this his "padre politico," and so on.

I took off my hat, but they would not hear of such condescension and insisted I keep it on. I explained that it was hot and I preferred it off—no, I must "cover myself"—and the old gentleman proceeded to do it for me. It was all very quaint and amusing—yet not so amusing either. A few moments later the battal-

ion from our ship marched up Independencia Street, and almost at the very corner of the old gentleman and his ether bottle, Boswell, chief gunner's mate, was killed by a shot from a doorway as they marched by.

Liberation of the Prisoners

ONE afternoon, into this already wildly varied scene, a door suddenly opened on the Middle Ages. It was the door to a prison, the old fortress of San Juan de Ulloa, on an island in the harbor. Built in the sixteenth century, with walls six feet thick, interior moats and unlighted dungeons slimy with seepage, it has long been one of the hideous relics of these tropical waters. Madero was going

a part of what is most significant in Mexico to-day, was a gang of a hundred or more of prisoners raked in from one of the southern provinces to serve as food for cannon in the Federal army.

We unlocked one set of heavy iron bars, passed through a room or two built in the solid masonry, and entered a vaulted chamber, thirty feet by fifteen perhaps, in which these men were confined. There was neither light nor air except what drifted in from the passage behind us and through a small hole in the vaulted ceiling, perhaps a foot square. The room was like a cave, and so dark that the light from overhead fell in a dusty searchlight beam—no stage manager ever concocted a thing more creepy.

The men, filthy and in rags, scrambled to their feet, and whether or not at some word or sign from the Mexican keeper, arranged themselves in a line, facing us, their peaked straw hats in hand. A more abject row of faces, with less of the light and life of ordinary humanity left in them, it would be hard to imagine—hard, at least, if one had not seen faces very like them in the gangs of *enganchos* on sugar and tobacco plantations in the Mexican "hot country."

We asked several of the most intelligent looking what they had done to be put in prison.

"Nada, señor! Nada, patron!" ("Nothing!") they answered, and explained that they had been dragged from their homes in the south and brought north on a steamer. They were all *campesinos*, ordinary country folk. The young captain told them to have patience, they would be fed, and the admiral would attend to their cases as soon as possible. They listened with their almost expressionless, dull, animal stare, and a faltering murmur of thanks went along the line as we passed out.

Medievalism

THE air in this hole was bad enough, but that in another, still more crowded, where prisoners under criminal sentence were huddled, was worse. The warm acrid stench of the place was all but unbearable. Yet here men were living, doubtless in the past have gone on living for years, while bands played in scores of Mexican plazas, bugles blared their *dianas* over the matador's death thrust, and the vivid, charming Mexican life went on under its blazing sunlight and bright plateau moons.

This last chamber, which also had a hole for light in the roof, opened into still another tunnel barred and black as ink—dungeons which must have been kept for punishment of the last resort.

We came out into the daylight and a breath of the outdoors, and while at lunch with the young captain, on navy corned beef, bread, and coffee, a petition came

in from the men caught for the army. They could scarcely have written it themselves, but here it was, at any rate, done in a fine pencil hand on long foolscap and addressed to "El Almirante de Escuadra Norte Americana."

They apologized for the pencil, and went on in ornate Spanish—like something that might have been sent to a viceroy three centuries ago—to say they were all natives of San Juan Bautista in the State of Tabasco, whence they had been dragged to the "gloomy dungeons of this historic castle—those dungeons sad as the recondite sorrows of their deserted families, who, on those far-off Tabasco shores, daily wept their absence, ignorant of where they were or what might be their fate."

They were all released next day, yet without money, food, or the ability to get to those "far-off Tabasco shores" without being caught for the army again, they were almost as helpless as before. I saw them that evening, in front of headquarters, hats in hand, asking a young ensign to give them work or orders and say where they might go.

Where they finally drifted I know not, but it was characteristic of the quaint clashing of different centuries that went on daily, that before these medieval serfs were forgotten in the swift procession of new happenings they should be marched up Independencia by a band of yellow-journal photographers, and, patient and respectful as (Continued on page 22)



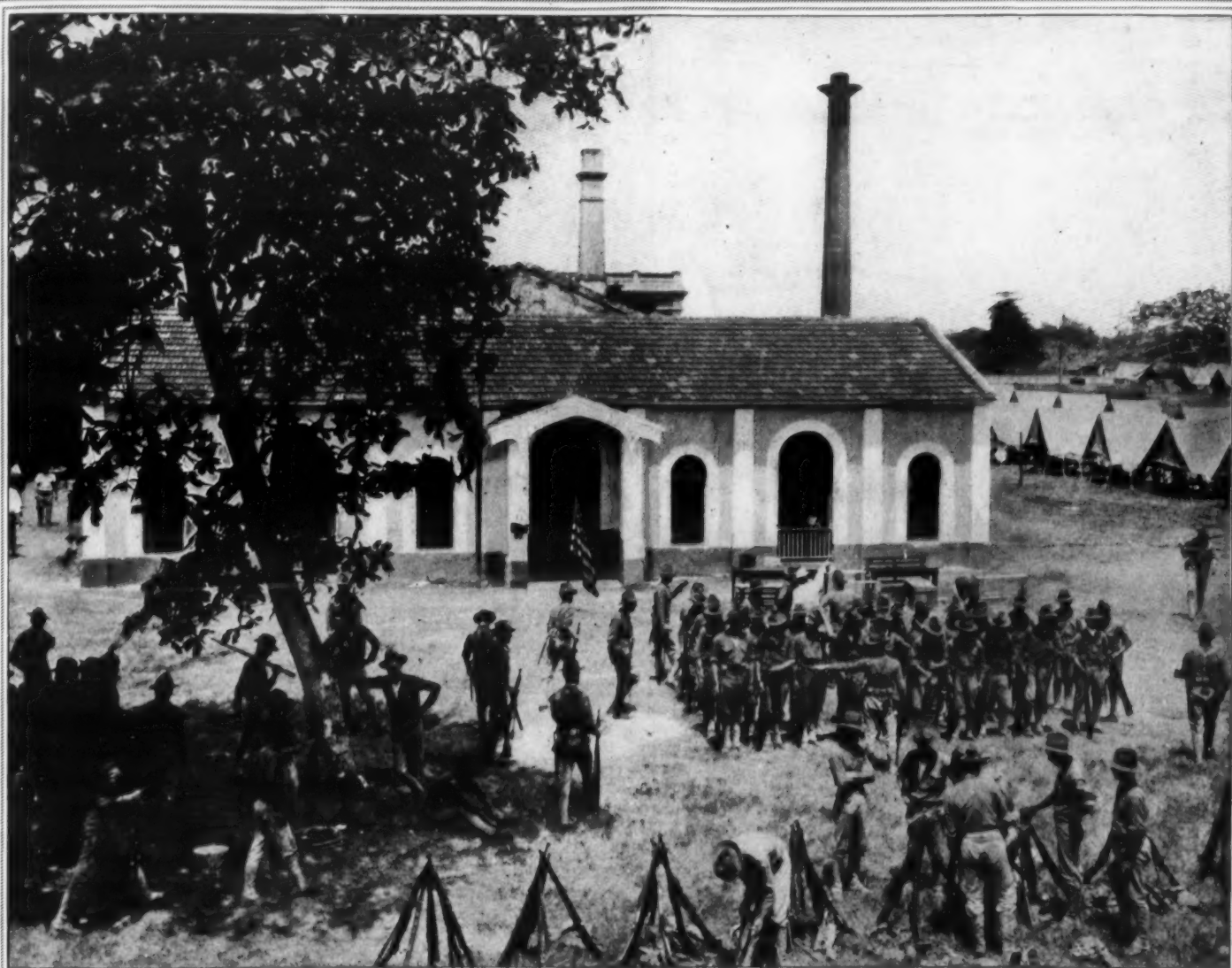
Refugees transferred from the Government transport ship Hancock to the Monterey preparatory to leaving for the United States. Those on the companionway have turned to look back as the last passenger disembarks. "There were business men leaving the work of years, without knowing whether they could ever return to it. . . . And then there were those who . . . came in worn and dusty from a week's slow progress under guard in crowded day coaches. . . . They were typical American prairie farmers—lean, sunbaked, patient, quizzical, with tired-looking wives"

to do away with it, but never did, and all through the two days' fighting the Mexican flag floated lazily over the moldy white ramparts which must look today just as they did to English privateers or pirates in the days of the Spanish Main.

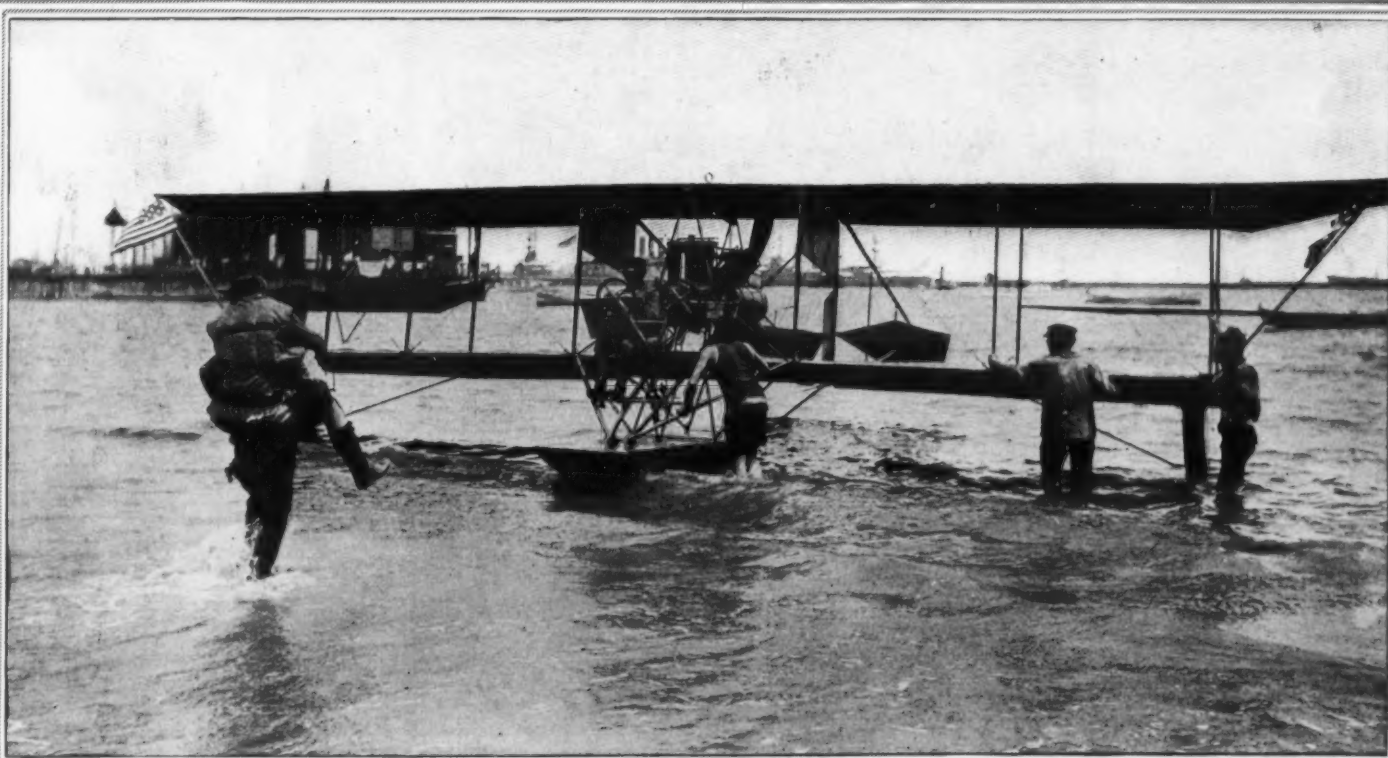
The situation was rather incongruous—the *Prairie* only a stone's throw from the prison—and finally, one afternoon, a launch from the *North Dakota* towed a young captain of marines and his company, over to the sea gate and the old comandante—with nothing but bean soup to eat by this time—was rather relieved to bid him enter.

Of prisoners with six-foot beards and eyes no longer able to bear daylight I saw none, though it would doubtless be difficult to exaggerate the past horrors of the place. What was more interesting because it was so common and everyday a thing, so integral

Photographs by JAMES H. HARE, Collier's Staff Photographer



FIELD HEADQUARTERS OF FUNSTON'S MEN at the pumping station at El Tejar, nine miles out of Vera Cruz. Five hundred Mexicans approached the station the afternoon of May 2 and demanded that our guard of 240 marines surrender. Major John H. Russell, the American officer in command, curtly refused and called to Vera Cruz by wireless for more men. General Funston hastily reenforced him with 960 men. The Mexicans retired, firing a few shots, which were answered by the Americans. Huerta's men had no intention of fighting. They evidently hoped to frighten the Americans away and shut off the city's water supply



THE FIRST BRANCH OF THE SERVICE TO RESPOND to Major Russell's signal for help was the aviation corps. Our snapshot was taken as Lieutenant Patrick Bellinger was about to start from Vera Cruz harbor for the pumping station. To keep his shoes dry he is riding pickaback to the machine. Lieutenant Lamont, already seated, is scanning a map of Vera Cruz and surrounding country. Soon after his arrival in Mexico General Funston ordered the aviators to make daily flights as far as San Francisco railroad bridge, 25 miles out, to find out whether the Mexicans were making any attempt to destroy it

Sniping with a Camera Along the Picket Lines



Photographs by
JAMES H. HARE,
Collier's Staff Photographer

THE FOURTH U. S. INFANTRY, under Col. Robert C. Van Vliet, returning to camp after a hurry call for reinforcements at the Vera Cruz pumping station

THE THREE MEN IN THE FOREGROUND of Mr. Hare's photograph are sabering grass and weeds—clearing the way for their comrades with spades. When some of General Maas's men threatened the marines guarding the Vera Cruz pumping station, one of the first things the Americans did was to prepare for battle. Digging trenches was one of the first tasks, and our men went at it with as much vim as characterized their seizure of the city. The Americans dug trenches at strategic points all along their lines. They planned to use rifles, machine guns, and field pieces to repel attack



INSIDE THE MEXICAN LINES at a village outpost of Tembladera, where James H. Hare, our staff photographer, several other correspondents, and five of General Funston's soldiers had an odd adventure. While exploring the country around El Tejar they suddenly found themselves confronted by Mexican soldiers. The Americans pretended to take the incident as a matter of course, treating the Mexicans with all possible indifference. The Huertistas offered no violence. They reluctantly consented to be photographed, and then directed their unexpected and unwelcome visitors back to the route from which they had strayed

Abroad at Home

American Ramblings, Observations, and Adventures

By Julian Street

Chapter II—Buffalo

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

ALIGHTING from the train at Buffalo, I was reminded of my earlier reflection that railway stations should express their cities. In Buffalo the thought is painful. If that city was, in fact, expressed by its present railway stations, people would not get off there voluntarily; they would have to be put off. And yet, from what I have been told, the curious and particularly ugly relic which is the New York Central Station there, to-day, does tell a certain story of the city. Buffalo has long been torn by factional quarrels—among them a protracted fight as to the location of a modern station for the New York Central Lines. The East Side wants it; the West Side wants it. Neither has it. The old station still stands—at least it was standing when I left Buffalo, for I was very careful not to bump it with my suit case.

This difference of opinion between the East Side and the West with regard to the placing of a station is, I am informed, quite typical of Buffalo. Socially, commercially religiously, politically, they disagree. The dividing line between them, geographically, is not, as might be supposed, Division Street. (That, by the way, is a peculiarity of highways called "Division Street" in most cities—they seldom divide anything more important than one row of buildings from another.) The real street of division is called Main.

No Magic in That Name

MAIN STREET! . . . How many American towns and cities have used that name, and what a stupid name it is! It is as characterless as a number, and it lacks the number's one excuse for being. If names like Tenth Street or Eleventh Avenue fail to kindle the imagination they do not fail, at all events, to help the stranger find his way—although it should be added that strangers do, somehow, manage to find their way about in London, Paris, and even Boston, where the modern American system of numbering streets and avenues is not in vogue. But I am not agitating against the numbering of streets. Indeed, I fear I rather believe in it, as I believe in certain other dull but useful things like work and government reports. What I am crying out about is the stupid naming of such streets as carry names. Why do we have so many Main Streets? Do you think we lack imagination? Then look at the names of Western towns and Pullman cars! . . . The thing is an enigma.

Main Street is not only a bad name for a thoroughfare; the quality which it implies is unfortunate. And that quality may be seen in Main Street, Buffalo. On an exaggerated scale that street is like the Main Street of a little town, for the business district, the retail shopping district, all the city's activities string along on either side. It is bad for a city to grow in that elongated way just as it is bad for a human being. To either it imparts a kind of gawky awkwardness.

Features Are All It Lacks

THE development of Main Street, Buffalo, has been natural. That is just the trouble; it has been too natural. Originally it was the Iroquois trail; later the route followed by the stages coming from the East. So it has grown up from log-cabin days. It is a fine, broad street; all that it lacks is "features." It runs along its wide, monotonous way until it stops in the squalid surroundings of the river. And if the river did not happen to be there to stop it, it would go on and on developing, indefinitely, and uninterestingly, in that direction as well as in the other.

The thing which Buffalo lacks physically is a recognizable center; a point at which a stranger would stop, as he stops in Piccadilly Circus or the Place de l'Opéra, and say to himself with absolute assurance: "Now I am at the very heart of the city." Every city ought to have a center, and every center ought to signify in its spaciousness, its arrangement and its archi-



I was prepared to take the field against all comers, not only in favor of simplicity, but in favor of anything and everything which was favored by my hostess

itecture, a city's dignity. Buffalo is, unfortunately, far from being alone in her need of such a thing. Where Buffalo is most at fault is that she does not even seem to be thinking of municipal distinction. And very many other cities are. Cleveland is already attaining it in a manner which will be magnificent; Chicago has long planned and is slowly executing; Denver has work upon a splendid municipal center well under way; so has San Francisco; St. Louis, Milwaukee, and Grand Rapids have plans for excellent municipal improvements.

Even St. Paul is waking up and widening an important business street.

A Wave of Good Taste

EVERYONE knows that what is called "a wave of reform" has swept across the country, but not everyone seems to know that there is also surging over the United States a "wave" of improved public taste. I shall write of this later. Suffice it now to say that it manifests itself in countless forms: in municipal improvements of the kind of which the Cleveland center is, perhaps, the best example in the country; in architecture of all classes; in household furniture and

decoration; in the tendency of art museums to realize that modern American paintings are the finest modern paintings obtainable in the world to-day; in the tendency of private art collectors not to buy quite so much rubbish as they have bought in the past; in the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which will be the most beautiful exposition anybody ever saw; and in innumerable other ways. Indeed, public taste in the United States has, in the last ten years, taken a leap forward which the mind of to-day cannot hope to measure. The advance is nothing

less than marvelous, and it is reflected, I think, in every branch of art excepting one: the literary art, which has in our day, and in our country, reached an abysmal depth of degradation.

Only an Earthquake Is Needed

WITH Cleveland so near at hand as an example, and so many other American cities thinking about civic beauty, Buffalo ought soon to begin to rub her eyes, look about, and cast up her accounts. Perhaps her trouble is that she is a little bit too prosperous with an olden-time prosperity; a little bit too somnolent and satisfied. There is plenty to eat; business is not so bad; there are good clubs, and there is a delightful social life and a more than ordinary degree of cultivation. Furthermore, there may be a new station for the New York Central some day, for it is a fact that there are now some street cars which actually cross Main Street, instead of stopping at the Rubicon and making passengers get out, cross on foot and take the other car on the other side! That, in itself, is a startling state of things. Evidently all that is needed now is an earthquake.

The Timidity of Millions

IHAVE remarked before that cities, like people, have habits. Just as Detroit has the automobile habit, Pittsburgh the steel habit, Erie, Pa., the boiler habit, Grand Rapids the furniture habit, and Louisville the (if one may say so) whisky habit, Buffalo had in earlier times the transportation habit. The first fortunes made in Buffalo came originally from the old Central Wharf, where toll was taken of the passing commerce. Hand in hand with shipping came that business known by the unpleasant name of "jobbing." From the opening of the Erie Canal until the late seventies, jobbing flourished in Buffalo, but of recent years her jobbing territory has diminished as competition with surrounding centers has increased.

The early profits from docks and shipping were considerable. The business was easy and involved comparatively small investment and but little risk. So when, with the introduction of through bills of lading, this business dwindled, it was hard for Buffalo to readjust herself to more daring ventures, such as manufacturing. "For," as a Buffalo man remarked to me, "there is only one thing more timid than a million dollars, and that is two million." It was the same gentleman, I think, who, in comparing the Buffalo of to-day with the Buffalo of other days, called my attention to the fact that not one man in the city is a director of a steam railroad company.

From her geographical position with regard to ore, limestone, and coal it would seem that Buffalo might well become a great iron and steel city like Cleveland, but for some reason her ventures in this direction have been unfortunate. One steel company in which Buffalo money was invested, failed; another has been struggling along for some years and has not so far proved profitable. Some Buffalonians made money in a land boom a dozen or so years since; then came the panic, and the boom burst with a loud report right in Buffalo's face.

Back of most of this trouble there seems to have been a streak of real ill luck.

There is a great deal of money in Buffalo, but it is wary money—financial wariness seems to be another Buffalo habit. And there are other cities with the same characteristic. You can tell them because, when you begin to ask about various enterprises, people will say: "No, we haven't this and we haven't that, but this is a safe town in times of financial panic." That is what they say in Buffalo; they also say it in St. Louis and St. Paul. But if they say it in Chicago, or Minneapolis, or Kansas City, or in those lively cities of the Pacific slope, I did not hear them.

Those cities are not worrying about financial panics which may come some day, but are busy with the things which are.

On the Quality of Cities

IF YOU ask a Buffalo man what is the matter with his city, he will, very likely, sit down with great solemnity and try to tell you, and even call a friend to help him, so as to be sure that nothing is overlooked. He may tell you that the city lacks one great big dominating man to lead it into action; or that there has been, until recently, lack of cooperation between the banks; or that there are ninety or a hundred thousand Poles in the city and only about the same number of people springing from what may be called "old American stock." Or he may tell you something else.

If, upon the other hand, you ask a Minneapolis man that question, what will he do? He will look at you pityingly and think you are demented. Then he will tell you very positively that there is nothing the matter with Minneapolis, but that there is something definitely the matter with anyone who thinks there is! Yes, indeed! If you want to find out what is the matter with Minneapolis, it is still necessary to go for information to St. Paul. As you proceed westward, such a question becomes increasingly dangerous.

Ask a Kansas City man what is wrong with his town and he will probably attack you; and as for Los Angeles! Such a question in Los Angeles would mean the calling out of the National Guard, the Chamber of Commerce, the Rotary Club, and all the "boosters" (which is to say the entire population of the city); the declaring of martial law, a trial by summary court-martial, and your immediate execution. The manner of your execution would depend upon the phrasing of your question. If you had asked: "Is there anything wrong with Los Angeles?" they'd probably be content with selling you a city lot and then hanging you; but if you said: "What is wrong with Los Angeles?" they would burn you at the stake.

The Ingrained Habit of Muckraking

AT THIS juncture I find myself oppressed with the idea that I haven't done Buffalo justice. Also, I am annoyed to discover that I have written a great deal about business. When I write about business I am almost certain to be wrong. I dislike business very much—almost as much as I dislike politics—and the idea of infringing upon the field of friends of mine like Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, Miss Tarbell, Samuel Hopkins Adams, Will Irwin, and others, is extremely distasteful to me. But here is the trouble: so many writers have run a muckraking that, nowadays, when a writer appears in any American city, everyone assumes that he is scouting around in search of "shame." The result is that you don't have to hunt for shame. People bring it to you by the cartload. They don't give you time to explain that you aren't a shame collector—that you don't even know a good piece of shame when you see



We made excuses to go downstairs and wash our hands in the public wash room, just for the pleasure of doing so without fear of being attacked by a swarthy brigand with a brush

it—they just drive up, dump it at your door, and go back to get another load.

The "Shame" of the City Dumped at Our Door

MY COMPANION and I were new at the game in Buffalo. As the loads of shame began to arrive, we had a feeling that something was going wrong with our trip. We had come in search of cheerful adventure, and here we were barricaded in by great bulwarks of shame. In a few hours there was enough shame around us to have lasted all the reformers and muckrakers I know a whole month. We couldn't see over the top of it. It hypnotized us. We began to think that probably shame was what we wanted, after all. Everyone we met assumed it was what we wanted, and when enough people assume a certain thing about you it is very difficult to buck against them. By the second day we had ceased to be human and had begun to act like muckrakers. We became solemn, silent, mysterious. We would pick up a piece of shame, examine it, say "Ha!" and stick it in our pockets. When some white-faced Buffalonian would drive up with another load of shame I would go up

In a few hours there was enough shame around us to have lasted all the reformers and muckrakers I know a whole month. We couldn't see over the top of it. It hypnotized us



W. MORGAN -

to him, wave my finger under his nose and, trying to look as much like Steffens as I could, say in a sepulchral voice: "Come! Out with it! What are you holding back? Tell me all! Who tore up the missing will?" Then that poor, honest, terrified Buffalonian would gasp and try to tell me all, between his chattering teeth. And when he had told me all I would continue to glare at him horribly, and ask for more. Then he would begin making up stories, inventing the most frightful and shocking lies so as not to disappoint me. I would print some of them here, but I have forgotten them. That is the trouble with the amateur muckraker or reformer. His mind isn't trained to his work. He is constantly allowing it to be diverted by some pleasant thing.

For instance, some one pointed out to me that the water front of the city, along the Niagara River, was so taken up by the railroads that the public does not get the benefit of that water life which adds so much to the charm of Cleveland and Detroit. That situation struck me as making an excellent piece of muck to rake. Isn't it always the open season so far as railroads are concerned? I ought to have kept my mind on that, but in my childlike way I let myself go ambling off through the parks. I found the parks delightful, and in one of them I came upon a beautiful Greek temple, built of marble and containing a collection of paintings of which any city should be proud. Now that is a disconcerting sort of thing to find when you have just abandoned yourself to the idea of becoming a muckraker! How can you muckrake a gallery like that? It can't be done!

Why Is an Art Dealer

WITH the possible exception of the Chicago Art Institute my companion and I did not see, upon our entire journey, any gallery of art in which such good judgment had been shown in the selection of paintings as in the Albright Gallery in Buffalo. Though the Chicago Art Institute is much the larger and richer museum, and though its collection is more comprehensive, its modern art is far more heterogeneous than that of Buffalo. One admires that Albright Gallery not only for the paintings which hang upon its walls, but also for those which do not hang there. Judgment has been shown not only in selecting paintings but (one concludes) in rejecting gifts. I do not know that the Albright Gallery has rejected gifts, but I do know that the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York and the Chicago Art Institute have, at times, failed to reject gifts which should have been rejected. Almost all museums fail in that respect in their early days. When a rich man offers a bad painting, or a roomful of bad paintings, the museum is afraid to say "No," because rich men must be propitiated. That has been the curse of art museums; they have to depend on rich men for support. And rich men, however generous they may be, and however much they may be interested in art, are, for the most part, lacking in any true and deep understanding of it. That is one trouble with being rich—it doesn't give you time to be much of anything else. If rich men really did know art, there would not be so many art dealers, and so many art dealers would not be going to expensive tailors and riding in expensive limousines.

Those who control the Albright Gallery have been wise enough to specialize in modern American painting. They have not been impressed as so many Americans still are impressed (Continued on page 24)

A Rally on the Colors

By Rose Kidd Beere

ILLUSTRATED BY S. J. WOOLF

QUARTERS" had blown at the California barracks on the Rio Pasig.

But lights still burned brightly among the trees in the Plaza of the First Reserve Hospital, where night brought no cessation of work among stewards and doctors as the sick and wounded were brought in by launch or ambulance following the advance of the American lines toward the north.

For an hour, however, the wards had been quiet; only now and then corridors faintly echoed to the footfalls of some belated visitor or hurrying orderly.

In the Botanical Gardens across the street firefly trees gleamed against the darkness, and blossoms of the "Dame de Noche," that open only with the twilight, threw their heavy perfume to the breeze. The yelping dogs in the great Aroseros Market had been silenced. No sound was heard within the long tent ward, save now and then a groan from behind the ghostly mosquito nets that hid the rows of bandaged forms. The men on night duty moved about silently in the dim light of lanterns, hung midway of the long aisle, that cast their faint glow on the canvas.

The Government nurse had gone at six o'clock.

THE Red Cross nurse tucked the netting about her cot, and with a sigh of relief sank to rest after seventeen hours of continuous duty.

"Maybe I can get my accouterments off and turn into a real bed to-morrow night in my own quarters, if some of these poor boys are better. If I ever do," she soliloquized, "I'll never get up."

"Ben South Dakota," "Artillery," and "Pennsylvania" called "good night" to her across the aisle and settled to their long hours of pain, broken only by fitful snatches of oblivion.

The First Reserve Hospital in Manila was asleep.

Suddenly the hush of the summer night was broken by the sharp whistle of the hospital launch from the landing; lights awoke in the operating room, the men on night duty became alert, and soldiers passed to and fro at a quick pace in obedience to orders given in low tones.

To "Ben South Dakota," "Artillery," and "Pennsylvania" the whistle of the launch meant news, another fight, another victory, and more glory for the flag. To the volunteer nurse it meant meeting fresh pain and suffering and need of her help. Exhausted by her long day's work, under no obligation to do more, yet at that sound she sat up on the side of her cot. She wondered how many were hurt, and whether the hospital corps was adequate.

"Do you know anything of the fight?" called "Artillery" from under his netting to a passing soldier.

"Yes," came the reply. "The scrap was up beyond Marilao early this morning. Twelve dead, eighty-five wounded. The 'Utah Short Line' has been since noon making the seventy miles. The Gu-gus have kept the track torn up. They are bringing the wounded in now."

The nurse sat listening in the darkness to further fragmentary details which little by little floated in from other passers-by.

She realized what it all meant.

She saw the launch come alongside the little landing, and the long procession of wounded, mostly young boys, some on foot, some carried on litters, take its way toward the operating rooms. She saw those on the stretchers quietly laid in rows under the ylang-ylang trees, many with "Urgent" cards attached, and the others, able to help themselves, dusty, bandaged, weary, hungry, and thirsty, silently range themselves along the walls and on the floors of the corridors, each patiently waiting his turn to be cared for.

SHE knew they had been without food all day, possibly since the night before; she knew the kitchens were closed and the cooks gone and that there would be nothing for them to eat unless she prepared it.

But, in utter weariness of body and spirit, she could not bring herself to the tasks usual to such emergencies. It would require two hours of hard work in her little Red Cross diet kitchen to prepare coffee and distribute it to so many.

"Ben South Dakota," do you really think I ought to get up and go out there to help?"

"Ben South Dakota" loved his country, and had followed her flag 10,000 miles over the sea. And now, shot through the jaw, he ate through a quill and talked by signs and kicks. One kick on his cot was "no," and two were "yes," a logical arrangement, for in a government hospital "no" is needed oftener than "yes." His head bandaged like an Arab sheik, his efforts at conversation were limited, but he promptly gave the signal neither expected nor desired—two kicks on the foot of his cot.

"Artillery," what do you say?"

"Artillery" was an Indiana boy who had got a



She placed the lantern on the floor and knelt close to the pillow that her voice might not reach the others, and slowly read

Mauser through both knees, and had to lie on his back all day and all night; but the cheerfulness of his eighteen years had never deserted him, and his handsome young face was an inspiration to his neighbors. "Well, I know you are awful tired, ma'am, so I don't like to vote according to my views," he said.

"Now fancy you two youngsters telling me my duty," the nurse expostulated. "Nobody here does his duty, why should I? You all eat everything you can get, when your duty is to stick to slops; you sneak cigarettes, you bribe Pancho to bring you beer, you think that because you may be going to die you are privileged characters. I'll have none of your advice. 'Pennsylvania,' what do you say?"

THE soldier addressed was not a boy as were the other two, but an educated man of the mature age of twenty-five or twenty-six.

"Well," he said slowly, "when I think of the way you have gone up and down these wards since early dawn, I want to say: 'No, go to sleep,' but when I recall the night I was brought in, and I remember how that coffee tasted when you lifted my head and poured it down my throat as I lay out there under the trees, and then think of those poor devils coming in, in the same fix I was, I can't say it—I can't, ma'am, much as I want to for your sake. We all know you'll go anyhow, no matter what we say, so what's the use of putting us on record against the boys?"

"Me to the coffee boilers," sighed the nurse.

A half hour later she knelt by a litter in the dim light under the ylang-ylangs, a tin cup in her hand. Noticing the "Urgent" card fastened to a man's blouse, she paused before lifting his head.

"Can you take some coffee, my boy?"

"Yes," came in a far-away voice.

"Where were you wounded? Can you tell me about it?"

"Over the heart. This morning about daylight. I had to be carried twelve miles by the Chink bearers, and the train has been a long time getting in from the lines."

"Yes, I know. I'll get you to one of the surgeons right away. They are running six tables, and it will not be much of a wait now."

"Don't let them probe, will you?" he begged faintly. "I can't stand it." She felt his pulse, so weak and intermittent she marveled that he could speak at all.

"Oh, this will warm you up nicely, and you'll have all kinds of nerve when you need it," she said cheerily, tipping the cup as he slowly drained it.

On the table under the powerful light that searched out the tiniest arteries and nerves, when the stiffened clothing was cut away and the wound cleaned, only a little red spot in the left breast showed where the bullet had gone on its deadly mission.

When he was bandaged, the surgeon said to the record man standing with ready pencil: "Wound of entrance, fifth intercostal, three inches left of median line. No exit. Hot-water bottles and a quarter of a grain."

The volunteer nurse understood the significance of the brief order. It meant to keep the patient warm and to ease his pain with an opiate until the end came. And the Colorado boy was borne away to the ward where she could look after him for his few remaining hours, his cot across the aisle from "Pennsylvania," next to "Artillery," with "Ben South Dakota" at his feet.

TWO days passed and, to every one's surprise, "Colorado" did not succumb to the first shock and loss of blood. Then he said grimly that it seemed worth while to watch for symptoms of poisoning from the brass-coated bullet that might be lurking in his interior department. But another two days saw no change for the worse, and hope began to dawn.

"I'm still bidding myself good morning," he whispered to the nurse as she drew aside his netting on her early rounds a week later. "And I think I have located the bullet. A fellow hates to die until he knows the truth about himself."

But a month crept by, and "Colorado" did not die. The first shock over, the clean little bullet hole healed, and it looked as though he had a chance. Then malaria seized him and he grew weaker, more emaciated day by day, until at last only the shadow of a man lay under the netting, uncomplaining, indifferent, fretful only when compelled to take medicine or nourishment.

"Why can't you let me go in comfort?" he murmured querulously. "I don't want to eat; I only want to be let alone."

The nurse was in despair. Tact, persuasion, artifice, were unavailing. "Colorado's" energy was at an ebb, his vitality sapped till all power of resistance was gone; he was tired of the struggle.

As the Government nurse was going off duty one evening at sunset she said: "Your boy in the last tent will not be here to-morrow when I come; he has failed fast to-day."

"It's a case of giving up. He has had such a long pull he is worn out," was the reply.

A transport had arrived that morning from home. At dark the mail orderly came from regimental headquarters with letters for those in the hospital. There were three for "Colorado" from his wife. The nurse told him of them, hoping to rouse him. "In the morning," he said, pitifully weak; "I'm too tired to-night."

"Even for letters from home?" she asked.

"Yes," and he turned away with closed eyes.

AFRAID to quicken his heartbeat through irritation, she slipped the letters, usually so eagerly welcomed, under his pillow. But she went about her preparations for the night very thoughtfully. There might be something in the letters to awaken a new desire to live, a stimulus that would arouse him from his lethargy, could he be persuaded to hear them. And if he should die before morning she would regret not having been more insistent. As she bent over to arrange the netting, he reached for her hand, saying: "I will not" (Continued on page 25)

The Tyranny of Beauty

Chapter VIII—Madame Del Mar's Napoleonism

By Jane Bunker

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

BECKMAN! I'd totally forgotten the conspiracy. A glance at my aunt's face showed her still unconscious of it, and I thanked my stars I'd held my tongue. The woman herself came in with a look at me that said: "If you've been talking about me, you'll be sorry!" Her manner was at once defiant and cowed.

Madame motioned her to a chair and boomed at her: "What I can't understand is how you let things run behind here the way you did. This beauty business ain't a charity organization for the hired help—"

"Pardon me, madame, but I acted under your orders."

"How's that—my orders?"

"The last time you were down to the office before the baby came I suggested the summer might be dull—it was getting warm then—you mentioned it yourself, don't you remember? And you said just what you said before about the home-treatment staff—we must carry the help through the dull season—picked operators like them—got their own trade: comes to them regular. And you know how much that counts with these old women. You spoke of it yourself, though it was my idea to lay off some of the manicures and two or three facials for the summer. But you said not. I didn't dare disobey your orders and I've had none since."

MADAME considered this statement in puzzled silence for a moment, trying to recall words on that occasion which I knew she'd never said, and Miss Beekman seized the pause to add insinuatingly: "Your word is law to me, madame—always has been—as you know—and you surely can't blame me for following it to the letter."

"Oh, very well—very well," said madame vaguely, looking at the papers in her hand.

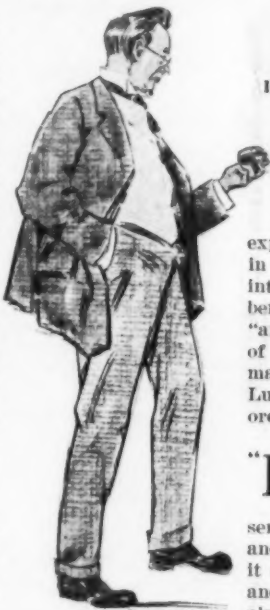
"And, madame, it's been a hard summer here in the East—you may not have thought it out there in Colorado—a terrible summer for us as had to stay in the city, but I've stuck to my post and all the time worried to death the way things were going and no one to advise me what to do. If it had been for anybody in the world but you, I'd have resigned sooner than take the responsibility and go through the heat. But after I had your positive orders, I thought—"

"Oh, very well—very well," madame cut her short. "I don't seem to remember the words now—a good many things have happened since May—a woman can't have babies and business at the same time—business is bound to suffer—I found that out good and plenty this time if I didn't with the first. But there'll be no more babies—so you needn't worry on that score—and I ain't come home from a pleasant summer to blame a faithful servant. If you had my orders, you had them; and if you stuck by the ship, you done all could be expected of a saint."

SHE smiled one of those disarming smiles and I could see Miss Beekman fairly eating out of her hand. She stammered: "It's nice to feel yourself appreciated by your—superiors."

"You can't accuse me of not appreciating your good points, but what I don't see is why you people—some of you here—didn't push one of the other preparations. You say you saw the trade wouldn't put on fat—Mr. Winston says you told him that yestiddy when you talked with him—but when the trade won't put fat on, then's the time to help them take it off."

"You'd think even a man could see that. So why didn't you push the antiobesity treatments—and the pills and soap both? Here was the whole country laying up fat it didn't want—you had all that treatment we worked out with the imitation press clippings Miss Cryder and the newspaper artist got up—you had that imported soap. Oughta put that right on the market—twenty thousand dollars right here in New York waiting to be picked up off the counter through those hot months."



What I'm driving at is why some of you didn't do it?"

"Nobody had the authority, madame, to develop a new line like that." Miss Beekman had at the moment the queerest expression—as if she'd suddenly seen the one crack in the wall through which she could have crept into the partnership and—saw the crack close up before her eyes. "I—I thought of it," she lied glibly, "and I worked off a little on that idea with some of our fat regulars and a few Hinterlanders; but, madame, I had no authority for a sales campaign. Miss Lucy was the only person here who could have given orders for it, and she did not—so far as I am aware."

"PITY you didn't take the authority—seeing how much you got already and the condition I was in for weeks before and after the baby came," observed madame dryly, ignoring the reference to me; and Miss Beekman turned yellow under her dye. "Well, it can't be helped now—no use crying over spilt milk and spilt trade. There'll be hot days yet—September always is—and those fatties coming home from the seashore, where they've been gorging their stummicks all summer, 'll want to get put in shape for the winter. Need a little taken off myself."

"Oh, no—you never looked so splendid!" interjected Beekman, squirming in her chair. "Don't take off a pound. You're simply queenly."

"You think so?" beamed madame.

"Oh, madame! And in that Paquin gown! Ain't she, Miss Lucy?"

But madame had no inclination to palter with the question of her own beauty—she had too much at stake in other women's beauty at the moment. She rang up the little page and ordered her: "Sally—Mamie—Sadie—"

"Muriel," whispered the anemic child, frightened half out of her small wits. It was the first time she'd seen the Great One on her throne.

"Oh, Muriel! Well, run to the salon and gemme a cake of that antiobesity soap—that imported consignment we got last winter."

"Yes, ma'am." Muriel flew off and flew back, bearing a large, apple-green package, which she breathlessly deposited on madame's hand.

"Green? Green! Why is this green?" she demanded, and Miss Beekman told her "because it came that way from the other side."

"Well, here's one reason why that stock didn't move



changed—shows you can't have babies and business at the same time. . . And marked a dollar! How ever did you expect this sort of thing to move at a dollar? Oughta been marked two or two-fifty."

Miss Beekman protested that if it wouldn't move at a dollar, how could it move at two, and my aunt stared at her several seconds before telling her blandly: "Beekman, I sometimes think you got the intellect of a hen. You'll never make a business woman—if that's your aim—so put that idea outa your head. After all the years I've had you in training you still don't know the first rule of pricing goods on the value to the customer: When you're selling farmers' wives, double the size and halve the cost; when you're selling the Four Hundred, halve the size and double the cost."

"You ever see farmers' wives buying antiobesity soap? You ever see one buy one cake? No—because they don't; therefore, you don't play their trade—there ain't any to play. Yet just looka this size! Laundry! Any lady seeing it would take it for a bar of washing soap if the price on it don't convince her it ain't. I think I see a society woman paying a dollar a bar for this in a green wrapper! How much we got on hand of it? . . . Near the whole ten gross?—twelve hundred cakes in the stock room? My Lord! You been asleep all summer that you let this stand on the shelves—"

I THINK I never saw a sicker face than Miss Beekman's. She opened her mouth to defend herself, but the words died away in her throat. Instead, tears sprang to her eyes.

"Well, I suppose you can't help it if you got no intellect—people are born the way they are—so don't take on," soothed madame, who hated tears. "The thing is now to pull outa the hole we're in. You turn to and do your share and we'll let bygones be bygones on this summer—I ain't going to punish you because I had a baby—that's what it amounts to. We still got this stock and I can sell it if you can't—and I gotta sell it in thirty days to take up my notes. I suppose Mr. Winston dropped some hint to you on how the parlors have run behind—but let that go—it's nothing if we pull out; and if we move this stock at three dollars—and I see it moving at three—and then get out a proper shape and size cake of our own to do the work. . . Here, Sadie—Sally— What you say your name is?"

"Muriel, please."

"Go tell one of my seccataries to come here with her book. You didn't find Miss Cryder? Tell the girl at the phone to call her paper and see if she's there—I want her to get some litterchure in a hurry—a new scientific booklet on our 'Beauty and Health Course.' Then tell the chemist I want him. Run, now—that's all. . . We'll get this

antiobesity business settled first and then go on to the next thing. Zulu puts the fat on—soap takes it off."

During the lull waiting for the chemist she unwrapped the cake and we watched her in breathless silence. What Miss Beekman was thinking I don't know—misery of soul sat upon her brow; but to me it seemed as if fortunes hung in the balance of those seconds



Thus died the Beekman conspiracy, stillborn, entombed, and sunk to oblivion in broiled squabs and turtle soup

—green. Oughta been rewrapped in pink with one of our own labels. Order the stock-room forewoman to have it all changed—make it appear to be our own make. I'd forgotten about this—meant to have it

while madame ran her thumb under the seal and turned the naked cake of green soap into her hand, holding it at different angles, hefting it for weight, and then experimentally rubbing it on her left wrist to see how her right hand held it for the purpose.

"The color ain't bad," she announced, nodding to the chemist and motioning him to take a chair. I saw a look pass between him and Miss Beekman that asked: "Has anything been said yet?" to which she replied with a quick frown and a barely perceptible shake of the head; all lost on madame, who was going on: "But the rest of it's built wrong for first-class trade. Oughta be half as large—oblong—curved at the edges—curved in the middle, likely—I can't tell just how it oughta be till I see some dummies. It don't hold right—it don't smell right. Take a note of that, Mr. Pusey—make it smell right."

"ARE we going in for soap manufacture?" he inquired sourly. Madame paid him thirty a week and he felt she already asked much too much of him. Miss Beekman had offered him forty—which was better than nothing—though he knew his scientific attainments deserved a hundred.

"Not common soap—antioesity. Getta bar of castile and whittle me out some dummies the first thing—so big—so thick—so long, about"—she showed him on her fingers—"ten at least of the different shapes and styles. Round the edges. I'll give you my decision before I go and you can order the molds made to fit the cake I see right for the trade. . . . Dull pink, suède-finish paper—that's all it needs in the

wrapper—and the right price—once we got it built proper size and shape. . . . Green—this is a good color, so copy it—green and dull pink—reminds me of apple blossoms. Apple Blossom Soap! (Gotta get a catchy name, too.) Apple Blossom Soap. . . . Apple—blos—som. . . . I don't seem to hear that name called for across the counter. . . . But out in Col'raydo you hear nothing but apples—all the craze for the health—raise them by the ton—saw a place where they talk of starting an apple cure—wanted me to put money in it—lots of money in apples now while the craze lasts—they say they're healthy—the apple acid does it. . . . Apple Acid! Apple Acid Antioesity Soap! That's it! That name'll sell it! Use the apple craze to float it on! . . .

"Here, Bessie, take down some notes for Miss Cryder to work up into the litterchure for our new Apple Acid Soap. . . . Everybody knows by experience that apples are the most nourishing of all foods because the most common. . . . Walt—cross that out—common ain't the right word—nothing common about this new soap. Because the most perfect in form and color. Also the wholesomest, and the reason is because of the apple acid. Apple acid tones up the system, aids digestion, keeps the blood pure, and assists in the elimination of superfluous fat, thus keeping the body in its perfect natural shape of beauty. When, however, through overeating, the fat is deposited in and under the skin, it is outa reach of the apple acid which circulates in the blood after having been eaten by the stummick, and such fat can only be removed by external applications.

"Apple acid is nature's own remedy, and Apple Acid Soap—a companion to our famous Zulu Skin Food and made from the same pure oils and fats that has made Zulu famous—supplies apple acid to the skin in the exact right proportions that have been determined by the experiments of—

"Put a note in here, Bessie, to say she's to go to some doctor, and find out if there's been any experiments and gettum if there has. If not, ask him about what they'd be if there had been—the figgers, I mean—or something that'll sound right. Sign a Scotch doctor's name to this medical opinion—we've had so many of these made-in-Germany names the public's getting sick of them. . . . Make a few things here on our own account, I guess!

"WHERE was I? Oh, yes—exact right proportions for dissolving the fat once it's deposited in the skin. Apple acid is the one safe and sane dissolver of human fat, and the fact that nature has provided it in abundance by covering our glorious land with apple orchards whose blossoms perfume the balmy breezes of spring. . . . Well, no matter about that—just put down a note for her to work up about the orchards—no need of me spending time on it. And there ought to be a good color print for the frontispiece—lots of pink in it—but I guess that'll have to go over to the second edition of the booklet. Still, there's gotta be some illustrations to the first edition, so tell her to get that newspaper artist who did the scientific drawings for our booklet on the hot-milk (Continued on page 26)

The Double-Squeeze at Villa Borghese

Part III—The Sporting Ambassador

By Henry Beach Needham

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN



"She'll never care for me a second when she knows I'm a professional ball player"

WIN SHUTE had been jolted at Genoa. Another but more agreeable surprise awaited him at Naples. After the *Colonia*, having cut a white lane across the cobalt Bay of Naples, was maneuvering to dock, he saw on the wharf, scanning every face looking down from the big black ship—Tris Ford.

Ashore it's customary for an accommodation train to be sidetracked for an express—for one person to leave after a friend and beat him to their common destination. But when in sea travel no other ship overtakes and passes you, it is curious, almost preternatural, to have a friend you had left at home greet you on your steamer's arrival in a foreign port. This experience was all the more inexplicable to Win Shute because of scheduled intervening events. He knew, from the cable dispatch in the un-American newspaper which he had read at Gibraltar, that the World Series went to seven games before the Giant-killers were beaten. With Sunday interrupting, this involved eight days—eight days after his boat had sailed from New York. The cablegram from the club secretary informed him of the manager's absence from the city, but the idea that Tris Ford was on his way to Europe hadn't suggested itself to the "shanghaied" ball player.

AS WIN SHUTE learned afterward, the manager of the Giant-killers had kept his objective a secret from every living soul save his wife. Even the club officials supposed, for several days, that the manager had slipped quietly out of the city to rest after the hardest-fought diamond battle in the records of the national game. The secretary had been told to reply to any cablegram from Win Shute in one way: to say that Tris Ford was out of town, and to urge the second baseman to remain on board until the ship called at Naples, where he would be met by the American consul. The big series ended on Tuesday, and at 1 a. m. next morning Tris Ford, under the *nom de mer* of Anson Jones, had sailed on the *Laurelania*. The following Monday morning he landed at Fishguard, boarded the special train for Dover, crossed the cantankerous Channel, and arrived in Paris in the afternoon. Ford left the Gare de Lyon at ten o'clock that night, and after a night, a day, and a second night on the train de luxe arrived in Rome early Tuesday morning. (The *Colonia* wasn't due at Naples until the next day.) He was at the palace leased by the Hon. John Bismarck, American Ambassador to Italy, before that

Chicago millionaire had finished his uncontinental breakfast of fruit, oatmeal, ham and eggs, and coffee, eaten to the accompanying perusal of the London "Daily Mail."

THE Ambassador was expecting Tristram Carlingford. John Bismarck's boss, the President of the United States, was a thirty-third-degree fan; also, the White House staff were fans down to the clerk who addressed the social invitations; and when the assistance of Washington had been solicited in the hunt for the king of second basemen and the pursuit of his kidnapers, all other Government business, foreign and domestic, was shunted into second place. President Bancroft of the American League afterward observed that not for naught had he been distributing annual passes in Morocco leather cases to the executive branch of the Government.

So if Ambassador Bismarck succeeded in rendering valuable service in the search and capture, he would be certain of more official favor even than when he secured the contracts for two Chinese battleships for Yankee shipbuilders—his one real diplomatic triumph. Which explains why he was more than cordial in his greeting of the manager of the Giant-killers.

As in all of the pourparlers of diplomacy, the interview between John Bismarck and Tris Ford was some time arriving at the main point. Ford had to play over the World Series for the Ambassador's benefit before he could get down to the business at hand.

"What a heartbreaking finish!" exclaimed the Ambassador—"deciding game—score 1 to 0 against you—men on second and third—nobody out—and you mean to tell me you couldn't squeeze a run across the plate?"

TRIS FORD was literal-minded when talking baseball. He took it that the Ambassador used *squeeze* in the technical sense—that he meant to ask why the "squeeze play" hadn't been attempted. "You'd naturally think we'd 'a' tried the squeeze, now wouldn't you?" said Ford. "It was a great chance for it—for our double-squeeze, in fact."

"You got me," confessed the Ambassador. "What on earth's the 'double-squeeze'? Must have come in since I put on velvet pants."

John Bismarck laughed at his own joke on the diplomatic service, as did Tris Ford.

"It's this way," explained Ford. "You have a man on second and a man on third, and nobody out, we'll say." "Just the situation in the seventh game of the World Series," emphasized the Ambassador.

TRIS FORD nodded and went on: "You also have a man at bat who is a natural bunter. Well, the batter signals to the base runner on third—hitches up his trousers, or some such ordinary signal as that. Then when the pitcher begins to wind up, the man on third breaks for the plate—comes sailing into what looks like a sure put-out. But the batsman reaches out and taps the ball—if you pull off the play—and the man scores! You see—a ball knocked to pitcher, or halfway even, will be enough to 'squeeze' the man across the plate because he's got such a long start."

"I see!" exclaimed the Ambassador, his eyes shining like the orbs of an American boy. "But what about the double-squeeze?"

"I'm just coming to that," said Ford, smiling. "Taking the same play—when the man on third starts for home, the runner on second legs it to third. But he doesn't stop—keeps right on running, and—well, somehow or other the pitcher—or it might be the catcher, if it was a short bunt—seeing that the first man is bound to score and fearing he won't get any put-out, throws the ball to first to head off the batter. And—the second man scores!"

"Couldn't the pitcher get the second man at the plate?" asked the Ambassador excitedly.

"Sure he could," grinned Ford; "why—the second-base runner isn't more than halfway home when the pitcher fields the ball."

"Then why in Sam Hill doesn't the galoot throw to the plate?"

"You tell me," said Ford. "That's the queer part of it. Of course the crowd is yelling like maniacs; the man scoring first is upsetting, and the desire to get at least one man on the play, overwhelming—all that, I suppose. Anyhow, we tried the play seven times last season and got away with it all but once. That time the batter failed to connect with the ball, and the first man was an easy out."

"NOW you've explained it so a woman or a foreigner could understand, tell me why you didn't try it at the crisis of the world's championship."

"Because the man at bat couldn't bunt—and we didn't have a sure bunter to substitute. The man who would have batted had he been in the game is the best in the country at pulling the squeeze," added Tris Ford sadly.

"You don't mean—"

"Win Shute—yes, I do," finished Ford.

"And if he'd been in the game, you'd have won it?"

"Nine chances out of ten we would."

"So losing Shute lost you the World Series?"

"Lost us the world's championship—there ain't nothing to that."

"The skunks!" exclaimed the Ambassador. "Those kidnapers ought to be strung up!"

"Ought to be," agreed Ford. "But, as far as I'm concerned, all I want is to put the chief crook in stripes—Jake Stinger, the New York gambler."

"You've got some of the gang, I understand, from Washington."

"Yes—the Secret Service men got hold of a fellow who squealed."

"How'd they work the dirty trick?"

"They faked up a newspaper syndicate—'Transcontinental'—headquarters New York, engraved stationery," recounted Tris Ford, "and offered Shute big money to report the World Series. Naturally he accepted, so they sent a man to Phillie to arrange details. He was supposed to arrive the day before the series opened, but was actually there a week earlier—at our best hotel, spending money, paying his checks with cash, and scattering coin in tips until he was solid with all the hotel people. Called himself 'Walter Noble'—nerve of it!"

"Who gave him away?" interjected the Ambassador.

"Why—they had to have a double for their victim—some one to masquerade as Shute. That's where they fell down—picked the wrong man. The 'dummy' couldn't stand prosperity. After he left the hotel with his pockets full of money, he started in to make a night of it—kept the taxi and blew in most of his money, then got in a row with the taxi driver over the fare. 'Twash't so hard to trace him after that. He 'gave up' to the Secret Service men."

"HOW'D they manage with Shute?"

"Something like this," explained Ford:

"The dummy came to see Noble in the afternoon, and the two of them kept ordering drinks right along—probably throwing most of the stuff away. When Shute called on Noble in the evening he was shown into the parlor of Noble's suite—the dummy was in the bedroom, keeping dead quiet. Well, the crook—that's Noble—gave Shute a knockout in ginger ale—Win Shute never took a drink in his life; but they tell me ginger ale disguises that knockout powder better'n any beverage. Moment he began to pass away and lose consciousness, the dummy put on Shute's hat and overcoat, went downstairs, and was sent away by the doorman in the taxi ordered 'for Mr. Shute.' Just before Shute became helpless—when he was able to stagger, but too dazed to know anything—the porter was called. Noble told him that his friend—Shute now passed for the dummy—must be helped down and put into his automobile, as Noble was leaving town. Thinking it was the case of a 'drunk,' the porter—probably well fed—willingly helped Noble to carry his victim down and put him in the machine."

"There was a doctor in the touring car—we got him, too; he's a sure-enough crook," continued Ford. "The doctor watched Shute every second of the ride to New York, keeping his hypodermic handy. But the lad didn't rouse before they got him to the *Colonia's* pier. Then they woke him up a little by slapping his face, so they could carry him aboard as if he was drunk—lots of young bloods are carried aboard steamers that way."

I understand. They spilled liquor on his clothes and face, then called the ship's doctor—you know the ability of the average ship's doctor! Told him that Shute—who was booked as S. W. Jones—had been celebrating before sailing! The doctor looked him over and said: 'He's all seas over, all right.'"

"But weren't they afraid he might come to before the ship sailed?"

"THEY took care of that. After the ship's doctor had gone, the doctor crook gave him a hypodermic—enough morphine to keep him asleep till noon the next day, when the ship would be away out to sea. A liberal tip to the room steward, who didn't suspect anything wrong, and the greatest second baseman in baseball was shanghaied!"

"All for the purpose of making a killing?" asked the Ambassador.

"The biggest killing the gamblers have made in

years," said Ford. "Jake Stinger and his crowd are supposed to have cleaned up several hundred thousand dollars."

"But you've got him now—Jake Stinger!"

"That's the trouble—we haven't," admitted Ford. "Not one of the crooks caught so far will admit Stinger had anything to do with it. They're being paid big money, no doubt, to protect him."

"Then how do you know that he's mixed up in it?"

"We know that the fellow calling himself Walter Noble has done dirty work for Stinger before. He would probably go to the penitentiary for Stinger—for money."

"Then you're up against it?"

"Yes—unless we're right in the way we size up the

motor boat and overtaken him if necessary! The crooks guessed that. So what would they naturally do?"

"Try to buy the wireless operator!" answered the wily diplomat.

"They did better'n that, we figure. They made sure of their man and then put him on the boat—got him installed as the Marconi operator for the voyage."

"You don't tell me! Who'd they get?"

"You'd never guess. He's popularly regarded as a hero—the hero of the *Regent*."

"Wireless operator who saved the steamship *Regent*?" The Ambassador was astonished.

Tris Ford nodded. "Jerrold Mansel."

"British subject, isn't he?"

"Believe he is. Does that complicate matters?"

"Somewhat. But we'll try to manage it," the Ambassador assured Tris Ford.

"If you don't mind I'll give you our position in regard to Jerrold Mansel."

"Certainly—go ahead," said the Ambassador.

"We have no desire to prosecute Mansel—provided we can get from him proof which will convict the man higher up. We aren't bothering with the tools."

"Anyhow, that man Mansel saved many lives—protected women and children—when the *Regent* was sinking. That deed shouldn't be forgotten—and we ain't going to forget it. We look upon Mansel as the victim of other men's greed. First, a greedy theatrical manager tempted him to commercialize his heroism—then cast him aside when he was no longer a box-office attraction. Mansel was broke, got to drinking, and had no job. He was just ripe for Jake Stinger to pluck."

THE Ambassador nodded vigorously. "So if Mansel will confess—and name the man higher up—"

"We're satisfied," finished Ford. "We're after Jake Stinger. And it ain't just for revenge. The only menace to the integrity of baseball is gambling—and I want to hit the gamblers a crack that they won't forget. Say—putting Jake Stinger in stripes means as much to me as putting a trust magnate in jail means to the President! Understand, he's got his heart set on it."

The Ambassador smiled—but gave no sign. After a diplomatic pause he continued the conversation: "We ought to be able to bring Jerrold Mansel to time, somehow. He could be detained on the landing of the *Colonia* to-morrow and paroled in the custody of the British Ambassador. Then it could all be fixed up diplomatically—quietly. I'll see Sir George Cloughton at once."

Tris Ford looked puzzled.

"The British Ambassador to Italy," explained John Bismar. "Great cricketer in his day—he'll take a keen interest in this case."

"Tell him if he'll help us out with Mansel, I'll acknowledge that American baseball came from English cricket!"

"You're a born diplomat," was the Ambassador's compliment.

"That's strange—for I happen to be an Irishman."

Tris Ford thought it a good joke.

IF WIN SHUTE marveled at sight of Tris Ford waiting on the quay at Naples, the manager of the Giant-killers returned the compliment and opened his mouth in astonishment. For James Winton Shute, quite evidently in the best of health, did not disembark alone!

On his arm, glancing up at him in perfect trust, was a timid, sweet-faced woman of middle age, whose wistful eyes confessed that she had been weeping. She was treated with a kind of gallant deference enjoyed only by the mother of a particularly attractive daughter.

Win Shute bowed Tris Ford over with his effusiveness. "How are you, old boy? Ticked pink to see you! Le'me introduce you to Mrs. Leonard"

"How are you, old boy? Ticked pink to see you! Le'me introduce you to Mrs. Leonard—Mrs. Leonard, Mr. Carlingford—Isn't this sky some blue!"—all before Tris Ford could get in a word. Incidentally, Win Shute had never said "Carlingford" on any other occasion. Pulling the manager aside, while Mrs. Leonard obediently (Continued on page 30)



"I'm sorry—very sorry—that you didn't hit the ball," she assured him



Win Shute bowed Tris Ford over with his effusiveness. "How are you, old boy? Ticked pink to see you! Le'me introduce you to Mrs. Leonard"

case. You see," continued Ford, "the crooks had to do more than put Shute aboard that ship and keep him unconscious until she was out at sea. When he came to and realized where he was he'd naturally send a wireless to me. If it went through, why—I'd try to rescue him. Say—I'd have chartered the fastest

COMMENT ON CONGRESS

IT MAY help to understand the Mexican muddle if we consider two possible points of view. The first—and this is the best conceivable presentation of the attitude which President Wilson took at the beginning and has maintained: Revolutions in Latin America are commonly financed and instigated by persons who expect to make money by getting mining, oil, or other kinds of concessions and franchises from the successful revolutionists. If a way could be found to prevent these concessionaires from reaping the fruits of their efforts, it would discourage revolutions. Finally, if the United States should adopt a policy of refusing to recognize governments like Huerta's, founded on revolutions, it would result in a financial embargo and would deprive the financial supporters of revolutions from reaping the results of their speculation.

The Anti-Wilson Point of View

THE second way of looking at our relations in Latin America is to say that all we want there is a measurable amount of law and order such as will give reasonable security to the lives and property of Americans and of Europeans to the degree in which the Monroe Doctrine makes us responsible for Europeans. This includes the view that the internal affairs of Latin-American countries are their own concern; that we will not inquire into the way in which a government has been established and indeed will inquire into nothing beyond the maintenance of order. This second view is the one taken by persons who have any familiarity with international law or diplomacy. Practically every person of this description in Washington was shocked by President Wilson's refusal to recognize Huerta, and predicted from the beginning that no good could come of it. President Wilson's point of view was a marked advance in idealism. If it should be successful, it would more or less establish him in history as a statesman. Of course, from a practical point of view, there were and are many objections to it.

The Worst Result of Wilson's Policy

FROM the point of view of the present writer, the chief objection to his course is this: Here in the United States we are just in the middle of a very intricate political situation resulting from an intelligent attempt to carry out experiments in idealism which we have just attempted on our own account. Whether we shall be successful in this earnest attempt of our own is not yet certain. It is just the moment when we are in the midst of a delicate stage in this process that President Wilson chooses for implanting some idealism on Mexico, more or less against Mexico's will. If this attempt of his should result in our intervention in Mexico, it would postpone indefinitely the program of domestic legislation in which we were engaged. Indeed, that postponement has already happened. It might

have been better to recognize Huerta as a strong man capable of maintaining in Mexico the same amount of law and order that has existed there for a long time, leaving us free to go forward with our own affairs. Aside from conceding that President Wilson took the first step with the best intentions, it is necessary to say that the complications which followed have not been handled with the highest efficiency.

What Wilson Should Do

ONE clear responsibility is laid upon President Wilson. If the efforts at mediation fail, if we have to go into Mexico with an armed force, the President must take the whole country fully into his confidence with respect to what he has done and has sought to do in Mexico since his Administration began. There has been no disposition to force his hand. Mr. Wilson's reticence on public affairs has been one of the marked features of his Administration. He has had public confidence and public support to a notable degree in his handling of the Mexican problem. This confidence has manifested itself in an extraordinary patience. The President has no ground for the complaint he voiced at the ceremonies in honor of the bluejackets killed at Vera Cruz. That plaintive, querulous note had no justification. The President, if he could only realize it, has been much favored by popular sentiment. His ways have never been obstructed or criticized to their hurt in Congress or out of it. In effect, he has had a free hand. If anything in the whole business is clear, it is that, whatever the outcome, the whole responsibility, the whole credit, or the whole discredit attaches to the person of Woodrow Wilson. It is proper that it should. At the very beginning of the enterprise, when there were manifestations of restlessness in Congress and of partisan debate, President Wilson asked that discussion in both branches of Congress be withheld. This request was made to the whole membership, regardless of party, and was granted. Congress refrained, virtually without exception, from

criticizing or questioning the acts of the Executive. But if conflict comes, it is the right of the country to know all the facts; whether the business has been managed well or badly; whether the call to arms is justifiable or unjustifiable.

Wilson's Sole Responsibility

TWICE Congress has complained of the President because he asked its cooperation without giving his full confidence. The first time was when he asked in a message for the repeal of the tolls-exemption provision of the Panama Canal Act. That message had an unhappy effect. Members of Congress found it vague and unsatisfactory. They thought the President should lay his cards on the table. The second time complaint was heard was when Mr. Wilson asked Congress to justify him in using the armed forces of the United States against Huerta to compel reparation for the flag incident at Tampico. Comment heard in Congress at that time was that the President had not presented adequate reasons for employing the army and navy in Mexico. There was a debate that would have been longer had not decision been rushed by events at Vera Cruz. President Wilson was fully aware of the complaints in both instances. He will be well advised if he takes them to heart, and if it becomes necessary to send troops to Mexico City and put an army of occupation in the country, to tell the people at home who have supported him so loyally and with so complete a faith a plain, straightforward tale of the whole negotiations, step by step, from the beginning. A decent respect for the opinions of mankind includes, in this instance, if there shall be failure to prevent intervention, a complete account of the unavailing efforts, so that the country may determine whether they were wise or unwise. Mr. Wilson cannot do less than that.

Hogs, Congressmen, and Babies

THE House Appropriations Committee has recommended that the budget of the Federal Children's Bureau be cut from \$164,640 to \$25,640; also that \$165,000 be spent on free seeds for constituents; also that \$400,000 be spent to stamp out hog cholera. When your Representative is up for reelection this fall, ask him how he stands on these matters and what his theory is as to spending our money for these three objects, respectively. The House Appropriations Committee is at least seventy years behind the times.

After the Season Opens

FROM some remarks by Senator Porter J. McCumber of North Dakota as reported in the Congressional Record:

If it is possible that the Chair can look over and see three or four Senators here, and a Senator desires to take the afternoon, while the rest, or 60 per cent, of the Senate is at the ball game, and there is no method by which you can call the Senate back into the chamber—if there is a rule that will prohibit us from obtaining any relief under those circumstances, I really want that rule pointed out.

HOW SENATORS AND CONGRESSMEN VOTED

FOUR hundred and thirty-five Congressional vacancies and thirty-one Senatorial vacancies will be filled at the primaries this summer and the election next November. In the great majority of cases the present incumbents are candidates for reelection. The best basis for determining whether they should be elected is, to a large extent, the way they have voted upon important measures. Collier's Washington Bureau will provide the record of the votes of any Senator or Congressman on every important roll call since March 4, 1909. This service is entirely free of charge. Give the name of the Congressman or Senator whose record you wish and address

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON BUREAU,
901 Munsey Building, Washington, D. C.



Conscience and Controversy

THERE WAS AN UNHAPPY TOUCH in the speech which President WILSON delivered in honor of the eighteen sailors and marines killed at Vera Cruz. Starting out to give tribute and praise to these young men, and sympathy to their relatives, he ended by including himself in both the praise and the sympathy:

I never went into battle, but I fancy that there are some things just as hard to do as to go under fire. I fancy it is just as hard to do your duty when men are sneering at you as when they are shooting at you.

President WILSON must have been seriously preoccupied with other affairs when he failed to see the rather repellent violation of taste in including himself with the objects of his formal speech of tribute. It is as if President LINCOLN, in the wonderful little letter which he wrote to Mrs. BIXBY about the death of her sons in war, had gone on to say: "But I, too, am just as brave as your sons were and just as much entitled to sympathy as you are." President WILSON went on into a very obvious example of one of the less pleasing of human traits—self-pity. "When they shoot at you," he said, "they can only take your natural life. When they sneer at you they can wound your heart." And then he used phrases which he apparently meant to be a description of himself:

Men who are brave enough, steadfast enough, steady in their principles enough to go about their duty with regard to their fellow men, no matter whether they are hissed or cheered. . . . The cheers of a moment are not what a man ought to think about, but the verdict of his conscience and of the consciences of mankind, so when I look at you I feel as though I also and we all were enlisted men.

Mr. WILSON talks about his conscience as if it were of some superior variety. Senators and Congressmen who differ from him, and from us, on the Mexican imbroglio have just as good consciences. It isn't a matter of conscience; it is a matter of finding out the best way.

Our Mexican Problem

HUERTA'S HOUSE OF SAND is crumbling day by day. The capture of Tampico gave the Constitutionalists an important port on the Gulf of Mexico, completed their conquest of the north, drove HUERTA's defense back on the line of Mexico City, and deprived him of important sources of revenue. There are no signs that any foreign power is coming to his aid, and the fall of his régime seems to involve little more than arranging an exit which will be safe and not too disgraceful. Now the work of reconstruction must begin. If the United States, acting as the first friend of the Constitutionalists, can supply the plans and practical methods for such a system of public instruction as has been put into force in the Philippine Islands, then Mexican civilization may in time be made over and faced toward the future. It is essential, however, that the old merciless exploitation of the peons be stopped. This will involve some such purchase and redistribution of the land as has been accomplished in Ireland and New Zealand. The concessionaire problem is one of great diplomatic delicacy, but may be approached by means of a just franchise-tax policy and rigid requirements as to conditions of employment. These measures will not appease the blood-and-iron fanatics, but the United States can do more for Mexico by carrying them to successful establishment than by leaving a trail of death and glory from Chihuahua to Campeche. Tyrannies rise only to fall, and the life of a nation must be based on justice. Is our idealism equal to the task?

Inspiration

ANOTHER THIRTIETH OF MAY COMES. Whether it be called Decoration Day or Memorial Day, it is an occasion at once grave and inspiring. The mission of the day has intensified with the gradual oozing away of all the rancor that once lay behind it. Under the blurring of the years, May 30 has become less a tribute to individual achievement and memory and more a consecration to that love of country which transcends all thoughts of self. The issues of the old conflict have long been foreshadowed; what remains is the ardent sincerity of the men who fought, whatever the color of their uniforms. Yet many a veteran who dons his faded uniform and the cap with its tarnished acorns realizes that his place may be empty a twelvemonth hence, when those still hale move along dusty roads to the village cemetery with its sky-pointing flags. In their passing is a certain pathos, but inspiration also, for the spirit that burned in their veins will not become extinct. Behind them in the procession of the day tramp their sturdy sons; still farther behind, carrying flowers, come their grandchildren. One flag is above them all. A single, passionate patriotism animates them all alike.

It Is Up to Marietta

WHOSE BRILLIANT MIND conceived the plan of bringing GEORGE WHEELER HINMAN to Marietta to serve as college president? That this servant of YERKES and HINES and LORIMER should ever have been chosen to instruct young men or head a college faculty is more than preposterous. HINMAN in charge of youth with its idealism and aspirations; HINMAN as guide of character and guardian of good citizenship! It would all be uncommonly comic were it not grave indeed that this one-time "Inter Ocean" editor should be administering academic justice. We are not surprised that such acts of repression as have been committed at Marietta have been made in the name of the trustees and the dean and that HINMAN hugs the background when he is not lecturing upon the perils of the Republic. But think of this man HINMAN giving four compulsory courses in American government! We hope that the young men of Marietta College will not stop short at protesting against an academic reign of terror. We do not know personally Professor MORSE—HINMAN's first victim—nor do we care what his politics is, or how he wears his hair; that a professor should be forced out of his position because he teaches economics which the college president does not accept is (we are trying hard to speak judicially) intolerable and, to-day, almost unthinkable. It makes it all the harder when a HINMAN is the tyrant before whom Marietta must bow down or resign. MORSE is gone now and, so far as we know, welcomes his release; it is up to the students to find means of procuring the unconditional reinstatement of their fellows, editors of the college monthly—one of whom has been suspended, the other expelled, for daring to criticize the college administration. Discipline in colleges, as in the world at large, is relative. Cossack methods are peculiarly out of place in an American college in 1914. What do the students and alumni of Marietta College think about HINMAN's work as editor of the late lamented Chicago "Inter Ocean"? Do they propose to let him finish wrecking Marietta too—all in the name of "college loyalty" and "this representative Republic"?

Correcting an Error

IT SEEMS that some of the friends of darkness in Oregon have misunderstood us. They have construed our recent criticism of an example of poor English composed and printed by students of the University of Oregon into an attack on the institution itself. Nothing could be more false or more silly. Oregon has needed the service of a great State university for years, and is now only beginning to give the support in money and enthusiasm which other and more enlightened States gave their universities years ago. If Oregon is to be a great commonwealth, this progress must go on. We are sure it will.

Why We Like F. P. A.

WE REFERRED some time ago to our enjoyment of the "colyum" which FRANKLIN P. ADAMS runs in the New York "Tribune." Here's the reason—when the howling over Mexico was at its yellowest, F. P. A. came forward with this ray of sunshine:

BRIGHT SAFFRON SHEETS
After "Bright College Years"

Bright saffron sheets of crime and strife,
The wildest of our hectic life,
How many, many times a day
Ye have your 96-point say!
The papers come, the papers go,
The circulations wane and grow—
This be your slogan, an ye burst:
"For God, for Country, and for Hearst!"

In Mexico when troubles rise,
Who is the wisest of the wise?
Who gleams like Henry of Navarre?
Who but our hero, Willie R.?
What benefits the human race?
War, WAR!—all o'er the well-known place,
War—though the order seem reversed—
"For God, for Country, and for Hearst!"

We like this combination of horse sense, fact, satire, and wisdom. It springs from a rarer talent than most folks realize.

As to Panama

THE RICHMOND (VA.) "TIMES-DISPATCH" rises to remark (apropos of the noisy and noisome free-tolls issue) that "a ship subsidy by any other name costs as much." It smells exactly the same, too.



THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Is the Price Worth Paying?

SINCE 1902 New York City has had a Domestic Relations Bureau, with a court attached. Last year 4,000 cases were dealt with, more than half of them without recourse to the court. The superintendent of the bureau, Mrs. IDA T. UPSHAW, tells a reporter of the New York "Evening Sun" that drink is responsible for more of the cases than any one other cause. Her remarks are to the point:

There are other troubles—infidelity, incompatibility, no economic sense, inability to prepare for emergencies, and lack of knowledge of how to manage a home. These are all important elements in the discontent which is breaking up so many families. But drink is by far the most frequent, and, in this country at least, it is the man who drinks much oftener than it is the woman.

Mrs. UPSHAW concedes that men sometimes take to drink because of wives' shortcomings. She does not claim innate superiority for her own sex. The fact remains that, but for drink, there would probably be less than half as many divorces and separations. In Chicago drunkenness is responsible for 46 per cent of the cases tried in the Court of Domestic Relations; in Brooklyn the percentage is 45.8. We never, even in our most somber moments, have any doubt of the remarkable experiment in self-government now in progress on this continent. But of all the things that disturb us occasionally, none is so menacing as the phenomenon that, with all the facts about alcohol before us, we continue to permit unscrupulous men to exploit it.

Latin-Americans and Yankees

THE FLOOD OF FICTION—novels and short stories—inspired by our Mexican mix-up will probably soon arrive. But we doubt whether any of it will have more appositeness and quality than RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "Soldiers of Fortune," published way back in 1897. That was concerned not with Mexico, but with the imaginary republic of Olancha, yet we know of no more timely study in contrasts between ebullient, go-as-you-please Latin America and well-focused Yankee alertness. The novel has bits which seem written of this very crisis. Here is a description of the arrival of United States jackies in the midst of a local revolution:

CLAY saw that the Americans on the balconies of the club and of the theatre had thrown themselves far over the railings and were all looking in the same direction and waving their hats and cheering loudly, and he heard above the shouts of the people the regular tramp of men's feet marching in step, and the rattle of a machine gun as it bumped and shook over the rough stones. He gave a shout of pleasure, and KIRKLAND and the two boys ran with him up the slope, crowding each other to get a better view. The mob parted at the palace gates, and they saw two lines of bluejackets, spread out like the sticks of a fan, dragging the gun between them, the middies in their tight-buttoned tunics and gaiters, and behind them more bluejackets with bare, bronzed throats, and with the swagger and roll of the sea in their legs and shoulders. An American flag floated above the white helmets of the marines.

There is such a thing as waving the national flag too frequently and indiscriminately. But "Soldiers of Fortune" does it the right way.

Trails

ROAD WALKING, such as WESTON practices and HAZLITT and STEVENSON have eloquently praised, has its proper place in civilization. Ready-made travel is, all the same, despised by the lover of the woods. Give us a path through the pines, a path carpeted with needles that are the softest and most fragrant of carpets, urging the feet onward. Then are one's steps rapid and springy; then does one realize the full truth of the poet who said that travel's joy lies not in arriving but in setting forth, in pressing on. To make a new trail through the forest is man's work; to tread an Indian trail through the woods of Maine is to taste pleasure beyond the ken of city dwellers.

A Sample "Professor"

WHY DOES the average practical man distrust college professors? Why do so many otherwise sensible editors think it a sufficient refutation of WOODROW WILSON to call him "Professor" or "Schoolmaster"? Here is a case: SIMON N. PATTEN of the University of Pennsylvania, one of our most original and active-minded economists (he once wrote a defense of the protective-tariff policy), is giving his views on everything south of New Orleans. He says in part:

Sugar, fruit, rice, bananas, and other tropical plants have now become an essential element in our food supply, and only through further development of the products can a low cost of living be restored.

Now, the market pages of the papers in which this rhinestone of thought was published prove that bananas, rice, and sugar are exceedingly cheap. Any family that will base its diet as far as possible on these foods will save money. Our high-cost-of-living problem is the problem of growing, moving, and marketing the farm products of our own country. Professor PATTEN either did not know what he was talking about or he did not care. Practical men prefer statements that have some relation to the facts.

The Simplicity of Algebra

THE BUMPTIOUS FOOLISHNESS of many of our "business experts" and "uplifters" is very well shown in the following item from one of their magazines:

The psychology of success is important. It is composed of ambition or aspirations and confidence or self-esteem. The following equation by WILLIAM JAMES is interesting:

$$\text{Success} = \frac{\text{Self-esteem}}{\text{Pretensions}}$$

By a simple process of algebraic transposition, WILLIAM JAMES'S equation becomes: Success = Self-esteem \times Pretensions.

This latter equation may be true sometimes in New York City, but is not likely to be true very often anywhere else. The expert who so deftly transposed WILLIAM JAMES is one RICHARD PRENTICE ETTINGER, Director Efficiency

Bureau, New York University, and he ought to go down in history as the man who put the "bray" in algebraic.

It Is and It Is Not

FROM A RECENT BOOK of uplifting tendencies:

On the other hand, it is marvelous how much nerve disease or weakness entirely disappears if the mind can but realize the fact that no disease is actually present. What would become of the Republican party if this great truth should be applied in the field of politics? And why not?

The Real Argument for Religion

FOR GENERATIONS theologians have written learned treatises to prove the existence of God. Each generation has overthrown the contentions of its predecessor, and forced a restatement of the arguments. Yet through it all the faith of men has gloriously persisted, with small regard for the theologies, natural and dogmatic. One reason for this is compactly stated by that incorrigible idealist, RUDOLF EUCKEN, in his newly translated "Knowledge and Life":

The peace of mind and the fullness of hope which religion brings to the souls of men have undoubtedly meant far more than all the efforts of theologians and philosophers to found religion upon a scientific basis. . . . It is because religion is no mere theory of divine things, but the inauguration of a new life, that it cannot possibly doubt the real presence of a Divine Being within the human soul. More and more we incline to think that one who has had no experience of religious power cannot, after all, be argued into accepting the Divinity and His religion by any intellectual persuasion. The person who has experienced the saving power of religion needs no proof of its validity. It is real to him as love is to the mothered child.



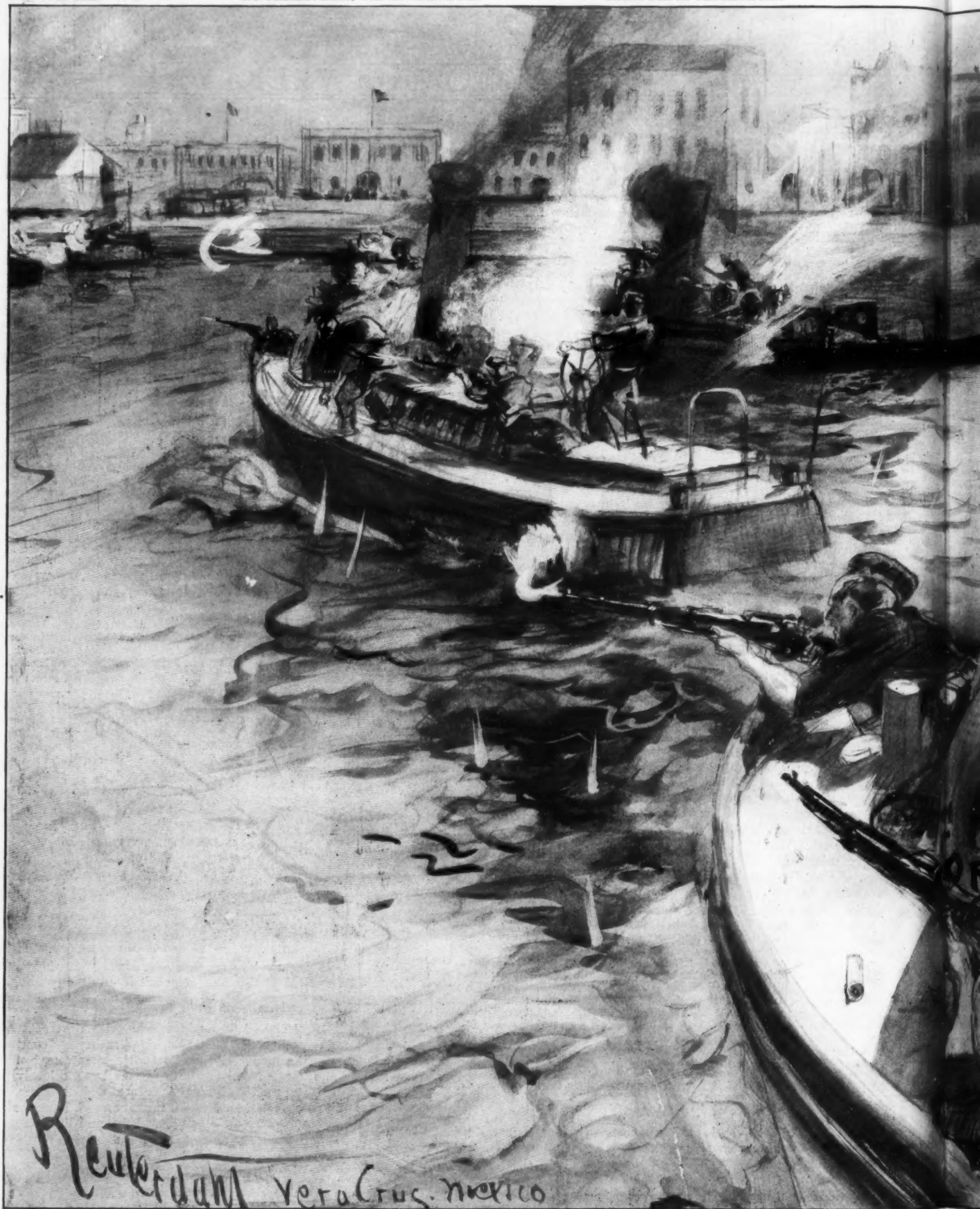
Phew!

Cartoon by F. G. Cooper

Post Office

U. S. Consulate: artillery from the Florida in front

Steamer from the Utah nearest shore



Reuterdahl Veracruz, Mexico

The Reply of the Bluejackets

Drawn by HENRY REUTERDAHL

Collier's Staff Naval Artist

Two of the Florida's launches. Steam is escaping from a punctured pipe on the forward launch.

IN THE WAY OF NAVAL FIGHTING, in the most dramatic scene was one that came several hours after landed and engaged in the fighting around the Custom House. the Utah was disembarking alongside the steamship in incessant rifle fire from the Mexicans swept the water alongside



in the action at the taking of Vera Cruz, the
hours after the first of the Florida's men had
om house. A battalion of reinforcements from
higher in front of the Hotel Terminal. An
ter alongside the pier opposite, and in steamers,

tugs, and barges the puff of the smokeless powder showed the line-up of the enemy. Our bluejackets
in the harbor were not slow to reply. Soon the steam launches covering the landing let loose their
one-pounders and the boat crews picked off the Mexicans one by one with their rifles. Three of
our men were hit and the launches were struck repeatedly. The steam pipe of the Florida's
forward launch was pierced and the little craft was thrown out of action in a cloud of steam

The Unfinished Drama

(Continued from page 8)

ever, arranged before an effective background and made to wave their tall straw hats and give a bewildered cheer for the American flag.

Back to the Groove of Habit

GRADUALLY, partly because of the strong hand used quickly when needed, partly because the townspeople began to understand that our way of treating a captured city was different from theirs, the indolent old tropical seaport began to be itself again. Shutters came down, shops opened, soft-eyed women with hair down their backs began to appear on the balconies—even, now and then, to smile at some smart young officer riding by. Newsboys and peddlers awoke, donkeys with milk jars bobbing on their flanks pattered through the streets. The Portales became gay again.

Every Mexican plaza is a sort of general reception room—that of Vera Cruz peculiarly so, because of the cosmopolitan crowd always coming and going through the port. Officers from the fleet, coffee growers, mining men, business men from the capital, soldiers of fortune and adventurers, wives and children, and even a Mrs. Hauksbee or two with susceptible ensigns buzzing about her—you had but to take a table under the Portales, order something to drink, and sooner or later everybody in Mexico, so to speak, passed by.

A band from one of the battleships played away in the center, companies of marines or bluejackets in service equipment went tramping by, and people ate and drank and heard rumors and declared over again—at least all those who had left their investments behind—that we must go all the way to the capital now, or every American might as well leave the country.

On the first Sunday morning mass was said as usual in the old church from whose belfry snipers had been firing a few days before. Rows of women, like blackbirds in their black mantas, kneeling on the stone floor, peons at the back and sides, with melancholy eyes fixed on the altar and blazing candles, the intoning of the priest coming through the cool interior with its vague, sweet incense smell, and, outside, armed men marching by and the pounding of the band.

The Classes of Refugees

IN the midst of the service a dozen sailors in white, wearing cartridge belts and bayonets in scabbards, slouched in. There was a hush and fans stopped waving as they shuffled across the rear of the church to the center aisle. There the first, turning to the altar, knelt on one knee and crossed himself. The others did the same, and they found places in the pews with the rest.

For a moment, in that cool interior, these people of different race and speech knelt together, and through the clatter of the Plaza and the strangely clashing forces of the moment reached the power in whose name the conquistadores fought through tropical jungles, burned, sacked, tortured, and civilized and founded cities like this. Then a bell tinkled, feet stirred, and the people drifted out. The sailors came with them, dipped their fingers at the font, crossed themselves, and, meeting the sunshine, picked up their rifles and were soldiers again.

There were many sorts of "refugees." One or two were women who held a quaint sort of court at the tables under the Portales—gossiped, flirted, were furious when somebody else's dress clashed with theirs—in brief, attracted more attention and had more excitement probably than ever before in their lives. There were men, ferocious and voluble beyond words, sitting thus in the shade of the Dilligencia's arcades, with plenty to eat and drink, and a fleet and thousands of capable men to fight for them—café warriors whose shrill-voiced complaining contrasted oddly with the reserve and almost universal tact and big brotherliness of the professional fighting men. There were business men leaving the work of years without knowing whether they could ever return to it, and impatient of any other suggestion than that of going through with what had been started, and pacifying the whole country if Americans were ever to be secure in it again.

And then there were those who had no money to waste in the Portales, and came in worn and dusty from a week's slow progress under guard in crowded day coaches, with nights spent perched in dirty provincial jails.

Such were the farmers and their families who came in one hot afternoon from a land-development colony in Oaxaca. They were typical American prairie farmers—lean, sun-baked, patient, quizical, with tired-looking wives and incredible numbers of tow-headed children—just the sort of queer, hopeful fish who jam the home-seekers' trains to some Government land opening in the Northwest.

Like Those of Acadia

THEY had come to the tropics just as they had gone to Texas and Oregon before, learned the new ways, got used to the climate, put in their oranges and pineapples, and were just getting ready to make a little money when the order came to go. One man told me that he and his family had four hours to pack up and get out. A squad of Federal soldiers rose up and told them it was not thought safe for them to stay.

"It's a fine country," he said; "ain't a richer country nowhere. The Mexicans round our colony liked us all right, and we liked them. Why, they actually cried, some of 'em, when we come away. Just two weeks more and we'd had them pines ready for market." His weather-beaten face lit up as he thought: "They're them long ones—you know what they are all right if you've ever been to Mexico City. There was twenty thousand dollars' worth of them pineapples our colony grew. And now they'll go to waste." They were treated well enough, he said, along the line, although they were crowded into jail at Cordoba and had to listen all night to what the guard said was going to be done to them in the morning. "The worst of it"—and again his face lit up as if a new idea had struck him—"was our Jersey cows. We had nine of them, nine Jerseys, and had to leave 'em behind!"

A New Method of Conquest

WITHIN a week the navy had taken a hostile town, put it in order, and all but made friends with its people. Just what may result from that sudden



A squad of soldiers succeeding the bluejackets as police in a Vera Cruz square. "Within a week the navy had taken a hostile town, put it in order and all but made friends with its people"

Make This a More Enjoyable Summer

MAKE it one long vacation filled with boating pleasures from beginning to end. Make it a summer of skimming about over lake and stream to the summer home, camp, hunting or fishing grounds without a lick of work. Simply forget oars and paddles. Just have the bulkiest time you ever had—scooting about with your motor-row-boat.

There's just the price of a Caille Portable Boat Motor standing between you and such sport. If you haven't a row boat, don't let that deprive you of a summer chuck full of fun—buy one or rent one—but get one. Then attach a

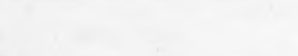
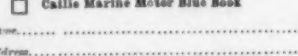
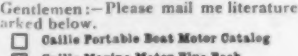
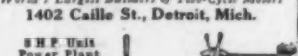
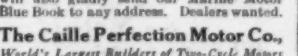
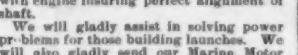
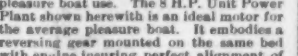
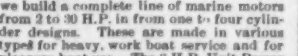
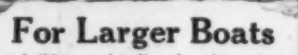
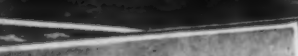


by simply turning two thumb screws. It weighs but 55 pounds, generates 2 H.P. and drives row boats 1 to 3 miles an hour or slow enough to troll. It is steered by a rudder—like any launch. The rubber is of our folding, stone-dodging type (Pat. applied for). Weedless propeller is protected by a substantial fin. Motor is easily adjusted to any angle or depth of stern. Starts with half a turn of the fly wheel. Can be run in salt or fresh water. Furnished with battery ignition or high tension magneto. No extra charge for underwater exhaust.

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we build a complete line of marine motors from 2 to 30 H.P. in from one to four cylinder designs. These are made in various types for heavy, work boat service and for pleasure boat use. The 8 H.P. Unit Power Plant shown herewith is an ideal motor for the average pleasure boat. It embodies a reversing gear mounted on the same bed with engine insuring perfect alignment of shaft.

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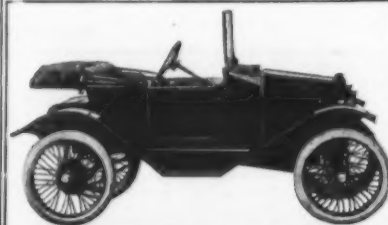
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YOU could write an almost perfect description of this wonderful little car just by putting down the car qualities you have wanted for years: lightness, low fuel cost, lowest possible tire cost, the rugged strength of a truck and the graceful, stream lines of an imported racer: all achieved without freakiness or experimental vagaries.

Every mechanical device that insures strength and durability, every refinement of design that has been developed in the automobile industry is incorporated in the Trumbull.



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FULLY EQUIPPED

The Trumbull motor is a marvel of compactness and reliable, silent power. It speeds the car from forty-five to three miles an hour.

Proportions, finish and little niceties of detail are adequate beyond your keenest anticipation. It is a car you will be proud to drive and display to your friends.

But above all—it's economy!

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order to take a customhouse—this war which isn't war—can scarcely be surmised here and now. It was not the navy's part to reason why, but to do what they were told, and they did it well and quickly. Many, especially among the poorer classes, were doubtless sorry to see their conquerors, who first smashed doors and then fed and cared for them, go away. Everywhere their work seemed to be done, not only bravely and well, but with a certain gentleness and understanding sympathy. One battalion of bluejackets which made its headquarters in an orphan asylum adopted the whole hundred and fifty little brown, bright-faced youngsters, fed them, and gave them the time of their lives. During the first two days this part of the town was handled more roughly perhaps than any other, yet the night before the battalion left, the women of the neighborhood, to show their gratitude, brought an embroidered tablecloth to the battalion commander and a batrack for his adjutant, and when the battalion marched down to the water the next day the orphan boys' band played at the head of the column over the same space across which the advance, under fire, had been made a week before.

Our Own Legionaries

THE army transports came—white steamers covered with men in khaki, swimming slowly in in single file behind

a line of black destroyers in the hush of a tropical dawn. There was a sound of band music shortly after lunch that day, and suddenly, from a dozen different directions, the men who had taken Vera Cruz, dusty and sunburned now, came marching back to their ships. Past the commanding officers of the navy and land forces these amphibious gentlemen of the sea returned to their native element. Infantry and marines presented arms as the bluejackets tramped past, the marines swung in, there were cheers back and forth, a band played "Auld Lang Syne," and the navy's work was done.

The Scissors Swallowed Up by Ships

THE manner in which the five thousand men stepped off into the sea, so to speak, with as little confusion and delay as if they had marched straight off the wharves on some sort of invisible bridge, was characteristic of the quiet efficiency of all the navy's work at Vera Cruz.

All at once they were gone, and that highly organized strength and intelligence, officers and men, signal flags wagging against the sky, sentries in the dark, steamers and "kickers" boiling back and forth at the landing stage—all that flexible, closely articulated, watchful mechanism which had flung itself through the streets of Vera Cruz and out into the dunes and sand ticks eight miles away—shrunk down to a few black specks against the Gulf.

Brickbats & Bouquets

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Please allow me to contribute a few bouquets and perhaps a brickbat. I like your paper because of its entertaining stories, its fearless handling of the pure-food problem, and the weekly series of photographs of current events. I also like the editorial page.

Now for brickbats!

I find that because the paper is not returnable it is not kept by most news dealers except on order. This is especially inconvenient when one is traveling and desires the paper regularly. Another feature that I do not like is that of serial stories. At present there are two of these running, and that seems to me like "crowding the mourners."

I have been a regular reader of COLLIER'S now for a year or more, and but for these two features could feel quite satisfied.

KELSEY S. ORDWAY.

CAMP MEEKER, CAL.

"The Last of the Family," appearing in your issue of May 2, is a splendid thrust at the vicious and erotic trend in the popular fiction of the day. All honor to the

author and to the publisher—and to the dear old "lady of Virginia"! She represents the type of femininity, now obsolete, which produced the "true Southern gentleman," a term synonymous with courtly gallantry and knightly devotion to womankind.

Also, I will say that your present serial is truly refreshing after the tainted melodrama which preceded it. This story is "different" from the ordinary run of fiction, and yet is eminently down to date and true to the spirit of our hustling age. The "Madame" with her keen business instinct and supreme selfishness is as much a character in her way as "Becky Sharp." The story presents a fine illustration of the humbuggery which people love, and it has pathos, too. The pathos is expressed in the title, "The Tyranny of Beauty."

For a fact, COLLIER fiction is improving—hope it doesn't backslide!

MRS. RUSSELL JAMES.

CORPUS CHRISTI, TEX.

The most of the best for the least.

J. H. ZENON.



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The "veteran" drivers in the big Indianapolis Race demand Detroit Springs. They know all championship chances may be ruined, the driver's life imperiled, by the slightest spring trouble. Detroit Springs alone possess flexibility to absorb big shocks at highest speed. They alone own the emergency-strength that warrants confidence against accidents.

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Guaranteed For Two Years

from date stamped on top of shortest leaf. A guarantee that covers emergencies and unusual service for twice as long a period of time as the usual spring guarantee. One that necessitates a standard of quality that makes possibility of accidents and replacements too remote to consider.

An exclusive advantage of Detroit Springs is the self-lubricating device. Detroit Springs wipe out that pest of motoring—squeaking. Every movement of the spring automatically spreads the long lived lubricant with which the cups are filled. The leaves softly, silently slide one over the other. This assures a velvety resilience not to be reasonably expected of any other spring.

Is it any wonder that careful drivers, car buyers, are demanding Detroit Spring equipment on their new cars?

Is it any wonder that dealers are learning that one of the best "closing" arguments they can point to is Detroit Steel Spring equipment on their cars?

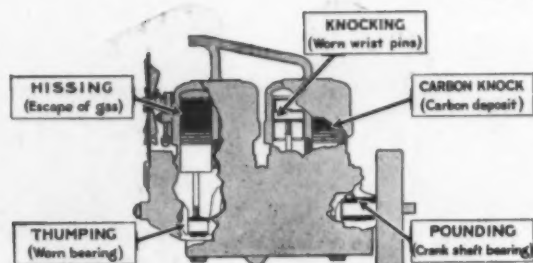
Every car owner every dealer—every maker of motor cars—You—will profit by prying into the facts about Detroit Springs. You will be interested in

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NOISE

The motor's complaint against incorrect oil

If your motor makes some unusual sound, stop your car. Investigate.

Noise frequently means unnecessary friction—the direct result of incorrect lubrication.

Common noises are:

"Thumping." A dull thump at each revolution of the main shaft indicates worn main or connecting rod bearings. This trouble is hastened by oil of low *quality* or incorrect *body*—will finally result in badly worn bearings and knocking.

"Knocking." This may be due to loose wrist-pins. It may be due to badly worn bearings or bushings which should be refitted or replaced. Incorrect lubrication will cause both of these troubles.

"Carbon Knock." A sharp muffled ring, at ignition, indicating excessive carbon deposit usually caused by oil of low *quality* or incorrect *body*.

"Pounding." Due to engine laboring under overload. Lubrication plays no part in this trouble.

"Hissing." This is frequently due to heavy scoring of cylinder walls. It is most often brought on by inefficient lubrication.

There is only one insurance against the results of incorrect lubrication. That is the use of oil of the highest *quality* which is correct in *body* for your type of motor.

You can secure this oil by referring to the Lubricating Chart which is partially shown at the right. For a number of years this Chart has been a standard guide to correct lubrication.

It represents the professional advice of the Vacuum Oil Company—the recognized world leaders in scientific lubrication.

Our complete Chart will be mailed to any motorist on request.

We will also send on request a pamphlet on the Construction, Operation and Lubrication of Automobile Engines. It describes in detail the common engine troubles and gives their causes and remedies.

It is safest to buy Gargoyle Mobiloils, in original barrels, half-barrels and sealed five and one-gallon cans. See that the red Gargoyle, our mark of manufacture, is on the container.

The various grades of Gargoyle Mobiloils, purified to remove free carbon, are:

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They can be secured from reliable garages, automobile supply houses, hardware stores, and others who supply lubricants.

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DOMESTIC BRANCHES: Detroit Pittsburgh Boston Philadelphia New York Indianapolis Chicago Minneapolis

Correct Lubrication

Explanation: In the schedule, the letter opposite the car indicates the grade of Gargoyle Mobiloil that should be used. For example: "A" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil A." "Arc" means "Gargoyle Mobiloil Arctic." For all electric vehicles use Gargoyle Mobiloil "A." The recommendations cover all models of both pleasure and commercial vehicles unless otherwise noted.

MODEL OF	1910		1911		1912		1913		1914	
CARS	Spring	Winter	Spring	Winter	Spring	Winter	Spring	Winter	Spring	Winter
Abbott Detroit	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Alco	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
American	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Autocar (8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Avon	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Buick (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cadillac	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cartier	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Cash	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chalmers	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Chase (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Claire	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Delaney-Belville	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Dodge	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Empire	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Fiat	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Flinders	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Ford	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Franklin	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
G. M. C. Truck	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Haver	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Haynes	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Hudson	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Model 40 (Model 30)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
I. H. C. (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(water)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
International	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Interstate	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jackman (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(8 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Jeffery	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Com 1	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kelly	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Knudsen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Com 1	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Knudsen	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Model 40	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Lincoln	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kent	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Kerr	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Locomobile	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Black	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(Model 10)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marion	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Marmont	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Maxwell (2 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mercury	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Mitchell	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moore	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moulton Knight	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Moyn (4 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
(6 cyl.)	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
National	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Oakland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Overland	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
Packard	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
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Packard	A									

Throughout the salad, the ices, the Turkish coffee, and the Corona-coronas I remained her champion, while with the port—nothing, it seems to me, recommends the old order of things quite so thoroughly as old port, which has in it a sermon and a song. After dinner the ladies told us more about their league.

"We don't intend to go to any foolish extremes," said one who looked like the apotheosis of the Rue de la Paix. "We are only going to scale things down and eliminate waste. There is a lot of useless show in this country which only makes it hard for people who can't afford things. And even for those who can, it is wrong. Take the matter of dress—a dress can be simple without looking cheap. And it is the same with a dinner. A dinner can be delicious without being elaborate. Take this little dinner we had to-night—"

"What?" I cried.

"Yes," she nodded. "In future we are

all going to give plain little dinners like this."

"Plain?" I gasped.

Our hostess overheard my choking cry. "Yes," she put in. "You see, the league is going to practice what it preaches."

"But I didn't think it had begun yet! I thought this dinner was a kind of farewell feast—that it was—"

Deprivation of Champagne

OUR hostess looked grieved. The other ladies of the league gazed at me reproachfully.

"Why?" I heard one exclaim to another, "I don't believe he noticed!"

"Didn't you notice?" asked my hostess. I was cornered.

"Notice?" I asked. "Notice what?"

"That we didn't have champagne!" she said.

Cleveland will be the subject of the next article, to appear in an early issue.

A Rally on the Colors

(Continued from page 13)

be here in the morning. You have been so good to me. I can't thank you, but I appreciate it."

"If you were really grateful you would let me read the letters to you. Come," she urged gently, "hear just one, and if it wearies you we will keep the others till morning."

"Well, if you insist," he sighed indifferently.

She placed the lantern on the floor and knelt close to the pillow that her voice might not reach the others, and slowly read:

DEAR HARRY, MY OWN SOLDIER BOY—I know that you are getting well or I would have heard before now, but the suspense is hard to endure. I have had no news except the brief cable that you were seriously wounded, and I am counting the hours until the first mail comes, for, of course, some one has written if you could not.

You must not worry about me, but get well as fast as you can and come home to our boy. You can't think how dear he is and how he grows. He has six little teeth, tiny pearls in the sweetest mouth, and he sits up so strong. I am shortening his dresses and he isn't a little baby any more but a real boy. He says "Dad, dad," quite plainly, and I think he suspects he has a daddy neither "present nor accounted for," who might be coming home soon.

We write you a letter daily, so you will probably get a whole series by each transport, and oh, sweetheart, I hope you are sending us word by each returning boat, for these days are pretty bad and the long nights worse, waiting for weeks for letters. But I mustn't talk about it, just keep busy with the boy, our boy, whom you have never seen. We kiss each other for you and send a hundred in this letter. Get well and come home to your lovers.

Your wife and baby.

The letter ended, but the nurse still knelt in the lantern's dim light. It was a supreme moment. She felt if it failed "Colorado" was lost.

"Are you willing to die and leave such a wife to face the future alone?" she said. "Are you willing this boy should be left to fight his own way with no father helping—at first for her the bitter loss and loneliness, and then the long years when she will need you for his sake? Think it over, and when I come back, if you have concluded to make another try for it, you will take your glass of milk and give yourself at least a fighting chance," and shading the lantern she hung it on the tent pole and left him.

An hour later the nurse returned, making her last rounds, but there was no re-

quest from "Colorado" for milk, or any sign that her effort to rouse him had been successful. She saw in the moonlight flooding the tent where the sides were rolled up to admit the breeze that he was not asleep, and she threw herself down on her own cot, wondering if he would silently drift away alone, while all about him slept.

THE Shadow seemed very near. Its presence made her wakeful. Was there nothing to stir the boy to one more effort? He was a brave man with a record for nerve and courage, and for weeks he had made a great fight against fearful odds, but he was giving up now. Yes, one thing might rouse him. She resolved to try it though it might snuff out his heartbeat in an instant. She took the chance, weighing swiftly the consequences.

Kneeling by the pillow, she spoke in low, tense tones that pierced the sluggish brain and burned themselves into his consciousness.

"I want to say one thing more that I think you may not have remembered in this easy scheme of dying to get out of your troubles. You excuse yourself because you are so worn and ill that you can't fight any longer—"

A note of scorn crept into her voice.

"Well, I want to say that nobody but a coward would do that, nobody but a quitter, and you know God hates a quitter. What can you expect from Him when you run up the white flag like this?"

PAUSING a moment, that his wavering faculties might be arrested and his emotions stirred by her words, she went on: "Oh, it's nothing to die—any one can do that—but it takes a brave man, a soldier of the real sort, to tackle what you are up against and come through with colors flying. They'll put you with the heroes, of course, but you will know through all eternity that you have no right there, and I shall know that a man who can storm an entrenchment with his line to cheers and red fire couldn't muster up courage enough alone to pull himself out of a hole." Silence—but the boy's eyes were on hers.

"Pennsylvania" was still across the aisle—he had had a bad time; but he was better now, and just here he took it upon himself to speak.

"Colorado," he said, "I've been hearing what she says. You don't know all I know about her right to talk. You wouldn't be here to play the quitter, you'd have been out of it all that first night if she hadn't got up when you fellows came in; seventeen hours she'd been at it, and she'd just lain down; at first she told us boys she absolutely



In the Picture—
a Week's Output
—Twenty-Five
Thousand Rims.

Tires Last Longer on Stanweld Rims

THE best tire built is soon made inefficient if fitted to an imperfect rim. Makers of few rims cannot afford to spend the time, money, and energy spent to make Stanweld Rims the most perfect rims.

Safety

To begin with, Stanweld Rims are made of a special steel, according to our own rigid specifications. Every lot of steel is tested chemically and physically before being made into rims on which will depend the lives of thousands of car-owners. And the rim is again tested for strength when finished.

Perfection

Stanweld Rims are inspected three times for accuracy of dimensions, perfection of form, smoothness of tire-seat, and ease of operation. There is another point, however, that means more from the standpoint of tire-economy than anything else. That point is design.

Stanweld Number Sixty Rims

Take Stanweld Number Sixty Rim, for instance. It is positively the only rim made from which casings and tubes can be removed without stretching, contracting or distorting them in any manner. That's a great advantage, because no tire will return to its exact original form after being pulled out of shape. And a tire out of shape is soon a tire out of service.

Operation

To operate Stanweld Number Sixty Rim you first unlock six automatic clamps—and they stay unlocked. Then you remove the tire, with the outer rim attached. Next, with a screw-driver, you unlock a toggle-lock and remove the inner band.

This inner band is in no way attached to the tire proper. It can't freeze to the casing, and you don't have to use special tools to pry it off.

After the band is removed, the entire inside of the casing is easily accessible. You can remove the tube as easily as you'd remove it from the box it came in. Or, you can conveniently repair or replace the casing without destructive stretching or pulling.

Makes Straight-Side Tires Bigger

Stanweld Number Sixty Rims can be changed from clincher type to straight-side type by merely changing the side-rings.

When used for straight-side tires the Number Sixty Rim allows greater spread of the tire at the base than any of the old-style rims. This feature gives the tire greater air-space; reduces the strain on the tire-walls; gives the car greater riding-comfort; and increases tire-mileage.

You'll Want Them

You'll find Stanweld Number Sixty Rims on high-quality cars. But that doesn't mean you have to buy a high-priced car to get them.

Nearly every car sold with demountable rim-equipment can be purchased with Stanweld Number Sixty Rims at no additional cost—if you just ask for them. Or, if you already own a car, you can equip it with Number Sixty Rims for very little money. Then you'll have the best rim-equipment made, and you'll save your time, temper, strength, and a large part of your tire-expense.

The main office is glad to furnish any one with complete information about the Number Sixty Rim, or any other type of rim. Just write a letter or post-card today.

The Standard Welding Company

Pioneers and World's Largest Producers of Rims for Motor-Driven Vehicles

CLEVELAND

New York

Detroit

Chicago

Distributors in Principal Cities

The leading makes of pneumatic tires are guaranteed only when applied to rims bearing one of the accompanying inspection marks. You'll find these marks on Stanweld Rims.





The Howard Watch

THE predominance of the HOWARD Watch among yachting men illustrates some interesting conditions in American business and professional life.

There is in this country no exclusively yachting class, as such. Practically every American yachtsman is a man of affairs, who finds his greatest relaxation on the water, and who takes his HOWARD Watch with him when he goes aboard.

The thing that makes him a yachtsman and an American disposes him to like the HOWARD Watch—with its fine traditions,

its trim, racy lines, and its way of showing its clean American heels to the talent of the watch-making world.

The wonderful character of the HOWARD Watch is that it meets men of so many different kinds and occupations on their own ground. Men in commerce, in the technical industries, in the professions, in official life.

A HOWARD Watch is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each watch is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (double roller) in a Crescent Extra or Boss Extra gold-filled case at \$40, to the 23-jewel in 18K gold case at \$170—and the EDWARD HOWARD model at \$350.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know.

Admiral Sigsbee has written a little book, "The Log of the HOWARD Watch," giving the record of his own HOWARD in the U.S. Navy. You'll enjoy it. Drop us a post card, Dept. A, and we'll send you a copy.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASS.

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and furnish everything to start you in this big money business. We send the wonderful **Filmless Post Card Camera** at once—you pay us later out of your profits. No film, plates or dark room—a complete studio in itself. Takes 5 sizes of post cards; also photo buttons. You can make big money weekly "snapping" people at fairs, fishing beaches, parks, carnivals. No experience needed; note you do profit on every film. Write today for FREE particulars.
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A right sugar for every purpose can now be had in our sealed packages. Ask your grocer for—
Domino Confectioners For candies, icings, etc.
Domino Powdered For cereals and fruits
Domino Granulated For pies, cakes, preserves, etc.
Domino Syrup (pure cane) For griddle cakes or waffles; and for cooking
Crystal Domino pieces For tea and coffee
The American Sugar Refining Company

couldn't make another turn, but we knew she'd do just what she did; get up and work for hours for all of you. She was no quitter, she was a man; and now, say—you're going to shame us all or you ain't." They waited a tense moment; they heard "Taps" blowing along the bay, where a newly arrived regiment was tented on the Luneta; and through the ward floated the perfume of the "Dame de Noche," that blossoms only with the twilight.

"Colorado" sighed; then in a voice weak and quivering, but vibrant with a new note, he said: "Bring on your milk." He got well.

TWO years after he got back home there was a new baby, a girl this time. He said he had asked the volunteer nurse's name on purpose before he left the hospital so as to have it handy when the time came; now the time was come, and for her the new baby was named.

The Tyranny of Beauty

(Continued from page 15)

pack, showing how the milk works through the pores of the skin and feeds the muscles underneath, to do another set of the same kind showing how the apple acid works through the pores and dissolves the fat. Have him draw it just the way she writes it in the text—these drawings that don't go with the text ain't with a row of pins. And there's gotta be a picture of a bottle—mark it 'Pure Apple Acid'—"

"A photograph of a test tube half filled with liquid would look more 'scientific,'" suggested the chemist with a sneer which she did not apparently see, for she snapped up the word and ordered a photograph of the test tube in place of the bottle.

"**P**UT down a note on that, and then put down another note that she's to look up some statistics about the consumption of apples and the death rates in the States where they're most used. Cancer—that's a good idea—put that word down. With the right sort of tables we could show that apples—apple acid, that is—are a preventive of cancer. Apple States and cancer States. . . . But tell her she's got no time to be running round to libraries looking up facts—write what oughta be facts about the action of apple acid on the human system and have that young newspaper man do a line of pictures that'll convince the public. She can pay him five dollars for his work. The most important thing now is to get the proper shade of pink and the right finish on the wrapper, and I guess I better have her look up the samples, she's got such taste. Put down 'heavy pink, suede-finish paper for wrappers—that's the first thing she's to do—something extra classy. . . . It might pay to put a foil underwrapper on this soap—give the idea that the acid's very powerful. Miss Beekman, you see that there's a foil underwrapper—tell the forewoman to rewrap this French soap that way.

"You know what's in this soap, Mr. Pusey?"

"About what's in it. I can analyze it for you and tell exactly."

"Don't waste time on that. I simply want a new antiobesity of our own make—cheap—so all you gotta do is get a good formula and start manufacturing it. But the main thing now is to decide on a shape and size that looks expensive. Do that this afternoon."

ASNEER at her had been growing on his face while she dictated, and, barely concealing it, he inquired with supercilious coldness: "Do I understand that you wish me to put 'apple acid' in this new soap?"

"Put apple acid in the soap?" she snapped. "Where are your ears? Who said anything about putting it in the soap? Didn't you understand those were notes to Miss Cryder telling her to put it in the advertisement? . . . Here, Bessie, take another note—tell her to be extra particular not to say the apple acid's in the soap—somebody thinking himself smart might take it into his head to analyze it and then accuse me of selling goods under false pretenses. Say for her to be sure to add a guarantee in fine print: 'No acid in this soap'—that'll keep us on the safe side. . . . That'll do, Mr. Pusey. Gemme those dummies right away."

Exit Mr. Pusey with an assorted glance at Miss Beekman that would probably have been lost on madame even if she'd seen it. He pitted himself immeasurably, and raged with his whole scientific soul. She heaved a sigh of relief. "Well, that's settled. Now if we can get the pink paper this afternoon and rewrap that French lot as our own make—introduction size, only three dollars—won't be sold in this size or price after this month—next size twice as ex-

pensive—twelve hundred cakes oughta run out in a week with a proper demonstrator and the right 'dope' after Julia Cryder's got it sounding scientific. . . . Henrietta dear—you better see to the fittings of the demonstration booth—you got such taste in those things. Arrange boxes of soap between boxes of Oregon apples—that'll carry out the idea of the apple acid; make the booth a bower of apple blossoms—those new paper flowers, you know—you can get 'em at any of the stores. Might be prettier to have an apple tree in full bloom in the middle of the booth with the demonstrator standing under it. Then we'll have some small pink flowers to stick under the ribbons on Zulu—we oughta move about a thousand Zulu at the same time—Put on fat, or take it off—play up that idea—and another thousand on the preparations. Give-away flowers do a lot of talking, so get something that costs about a dollar a hundred and looks like a present. If we work it right, a week's demonstration oughta net us five-six thousand—that'll near pull us outta the hole and square us with the bad season. Trouble is to find a demonstrator who can handle it—draw in the crowd on her own account—not the goods at all. There's one if I could get her. Have to pay her a thousand dollars, but I'd offer her a deal—every dollar over six she can keep, every dollar under five she makes up outta her fee. But could I get her?"

"I know who you're thinking of," purred Beekman. "I know—Winkie Wakefield!"

"Winkie Wakefield!" I cried, horrified, at the same moment that my aunt uttered the name in Eureka tones. "Surely, Aunt Maggie, you must have seen some of the New York papers this summer—you must know her latest—"

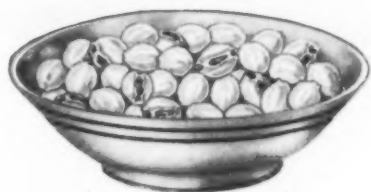
"Know her latest scandal? I should say! Why, they talked of nothing else out in Col'rado this summer. Did me a good turn—I placed a ten-gross lot of Zulu with one firm on Winkie Wakefield's name—told them she'd been coming to the salon for years—I made her face—she used Zulu night and morning. But I suppose she's in retirement—ain't she, Henrietta?"

DEAR Henrietta, with a sidewise glance at me under her lashes, communicated that Winkie was in retirement—after the fashion of her kind—and would be in for a very private treatment at four o'clock. She was also in money difficulties and might be open to a suggestion.

I protested hotly: "Aunt Maggie, you surely wouldn't let a woman of that sort represent you publicly?"

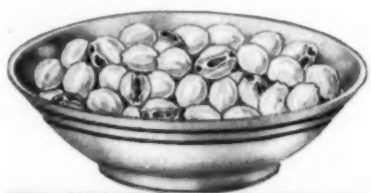
I can't be too explicit on Winkie Wakefield's special qualifications for the position now opening her way—I shouldn't wish her recognized under the name I've given her; suffice it that she was very beautiful and had achieved one of the largest notorieties in the country, capping the climax of a gay career through the usual channels of stage and divorce court by getting herself mixed up with one of the most sensational murders of the day—a person my aunt scorned to speak to in public, fumed when Winkie accosted her before women, and wouldn't have dreamed of inviting to the house.

"She don't represent me—I got nothing to do with her character outside her honesty in money matters," returned my aunt loftily. "She can move this stock—the White Sisterhood's aching in their bones to have a squint at her even a mile away and with a cake of soap in her hands! All it needs is the right staging for her act—you'll see to that, Henrietta dear—and Winkie Wakefield and I, we'll give ole Winston quite some pointers on his ole law of diminishing returns! I guess after he's certified



10 Meals With Us

Ten meals like these—delightful meals of Puffed Grains served in various ways. Breakfasts and suppers which you'll never forget. Our offer to-day is to pay for all ten, so all your folks may know the joys of Puffed Grains.



The Coupon Pays for All

Today we make this offer to you, as we make it every spring. Every year, on the verge of summer, when millions of homes enjoy Puffed Grains.

Go to your grocer and buy from him a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. Take this coupon with you. He will give you for it a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat, and we will pay the dime.

Thus for 15 cents you get two packages this week—ten meals of Puffed Wheat and ten of Puffed Rice. And ten of the meals are our treat.

You Will Never Forget

After this test you will never forget the delights of Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

You will see whole grains puffed by steam explosion to eight times normal size. You will see grains thin and porous, crisp and fragile, with a taste like toasted nuts.

You will see bubble-like grains which fairly melt in the mouth into almond-flavored granules. And a thousand future meals will be made more delightful because you know of Puffed Grains.

Puffed Wheat, 10c *Except in Extreme West*
Puffed Rice, 15c

Every Granule Exploded In Prof. Anderson's Way

Those cells in each Puffed Grain are caused by a hundred million explosions. Each separate food granule is exploded from inside.

The grains are sealed in guns, then subjected to fearful heat. Thus the trifle of moisture inside of each granule is changed to explosive steam.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Then the guns are shot and the steam explodes. Each granule is blasted to pieces.

This is Prof. Anderson's process for making digestion easy and complete. No other process does that. In the best of cooking at least half of the granules remain solid and unbroken.

So Puffed Grains are more than enticing. They are scientific foods. Your physician knows them to be the best-cooked foods in existence.

Good for 10 Cents

Buy from your grocer a 15-cent package of Puffed Rice. Then present this coupon and he will give you a 10-cent package of Puffed Wheat. He will collect the 10 cents from us.

Serve some of these grains with cream and sugar. Mix some of them with fruit. Serve some for supper, like bread or crackers, floating in bowls of milk.

Use some like nut meats in home candy making or as garnish for ice cream. And let the children when at play eat the grains like peanuts. You will find these

both foods and confections. Cut out this coupon, lay it aside and present it when you go to the store.

SIGN AND PRESENT TO YOUR GROCER

58.

Good in United States or Canada Only

This Certifies that I, this day, bought one package of Puffed Rice, and my grocer included free with it one package of Puffed Wheat.

Name _____

Address _____

To the Grocer

We will remit you 10 cents for this coupon when mailed to us, properly signed by the customer, with your assurance that the stated terms were complied with.
The Quaker Oats Company—Chicago

Dated _____ 1914

This coupon not good if presented after June 25, 1914. Grocers must send all redeemed coupons to us by July 1.

NOTE: No family is entitled to present more than one coupon. If your grocer should be out of either Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, hold the coupon until he gets new stock. As every jobber is well supplied, he can get more stock very quickly.

Good Only When Puffed Rice is Purchased
10-Cent Coupon

**Boost some
joy smoke
into your
system!**



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1914 by
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Co.

You do a bit of fussing with some Prince Albert rolled into a makin's cigarette or jammed into a jimmy pipe. Then some fire—trumps that clean up the table!

Smoking P. A. is like beating it cross country. It's the short cut to tobacco joy! All the fun of the best smokings you ever hit is yours for the say-so, if you'll take a tip and go to

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

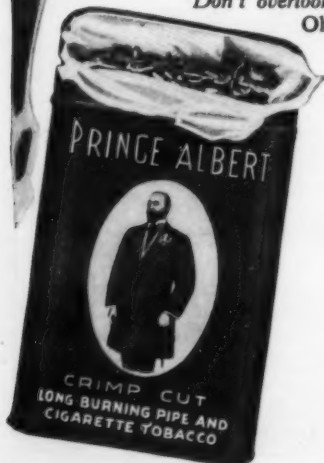
Don't overlook this bet: P. A. can't bite your tongue. Oh, no; that's not the old kidemagain idea.

But real and true stuff hot off the griddle! Prince Albert is made by a patented process that cuts out the bite! Prove it for your own sake—and satisfaction!

And get this, too: You always find P. A. fresh, wherever you buy it! And here's why: P. A. never sticks to the dealers' shelves! Salt down that thought!

Buy Prince Albert everywhere you happen to drop in—at home, or get it in any civilized country in the world! Toppy red bags, 5c; tidy red tins, 10c; also pound and half-pound humidor.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.



books for me a few years more he'll begin to discover that the law of diminishing returns ain't all there is to the beauty business—not while I'm on top, anyhow. There's another law—the law of crossing the footlights. It don't matter how good your goods are—if they don't cross, they're no good. And it don't matter how bad they are—if they cross, they sell on the craze, and then you got the law of accelerating returns. The craze—that's what does it. You gotta start a craze—let the craze work for you. Or else you gotta hitch your goods on to a craze already started—like Winkle Wakefield's. Why, men'll buy this soap as much as women!... No, Henrietta, I wasn't thinking of her—I was thinking of Lillian Russell—if I could get her for a thousand for one week. But your suggestion is worth a mint more money to us—stand Winkle under the old apple tree and have the old oaken bucket beside her for a cash box to drop the money into as she takes it outa their hands and a dipper to fish out the change with—why, she oughta move a thousand cakes of Apple Acid Soap a day! Three dollars a cake—eleven cents that cost us, didn't it?—and three-four hundred Zulu along with it—oughta clean up twenty thousand fer us on a week's demonstration if the police don't interfere with the crowds—that's all I'm afraid of. When these good women turn out for a free view of one of her sort, they get to crowding and pushing and stamping and tearing off veils, and before you know it somebody's fainted, and then there's a riot, and in come the police and break up the sale for you. But three or four officers in pink uniform to match the wrappers, and set Winkle up real high so's the ones on the outside can see her too, and I guess we can manage the crowds that'll come—all that's needed is to get a popular preacher to denounce her from the pulpit the Sunday before—tell what she's going to do and warn his congregation notta go near the store. But I guess Julia Cryder can fix that—she'll find the right one and poke a stick in his cage."

All of a sudden she rose and stretched, exclaiming: "Will you looka the time! Most two! I gotta place in here"—she pointed amidships—"calling for clear green turtle soup and broiled squabs with French artichokes. Henrietta dear, you look like you had the same sort of place and call in your insides. We can plan out Winkle's act while we eat—that'll save time—I gotta see her this afternoon and then secure the department-store assignment for her and see about the ads—so hurry with your hat."

Thus died the Beekman conspiracy, stillborn, entombed, and sunk to oblivion in broiled squabs and turtle soup.

ARE the spiritually significant moments of life ever dramatic? I wonder!

I had set my mouth for a dramatic, exciting exposé of Miss Beekman's schemes and a denouement by which she'd get her just desert. Nothing happened: my aunt, without knowing it, pricked the bubble of Miss Beekman's ambition and the rest of the conspiracy flattened out through those spontaneous readjustments that take place automatically in the presence of creative individuals. With invisible emanations given off from her personality she denatured the plots against her and went about her own affairs. The establishment was reanimated, quivering with a fresh vital energy after its long languishing. Orders flew right and left—different wrappers, different tints for this and that, different names for old stock that wasn't moving fast enough. Next morning she told me to make up ten thousand jars of Zulu for a window demonstration and put a sign over it: "Ten thousand dollars' worth of pure skin food—what New York uses in one day."

THESE changes, apparently trifling and often looked at askance by her underlings at the time—like changing the name of a soap and making it a tremendous seller—all brought results in hard cash—changes that seemed to come by inspiration and that she

usually graced with the remark: "I think I see myself sitting down under any ole law of diminishing returns."

BUT in spite of her bravado, I knew that the argument had made a profound impression on her by the way she was constantly studying out some new method of eluding its workings. "Play up a new line on the big market—" and that happy inspiration put into effect with the aid of Miss Cryder and Winkle Wakeman for a week in a department store netted twelve thousand dollars and sent Apple Acid Soap booming and soaring to the skies. And who but a genius—confronted as she was that day with a debt, no credit, and two remonstrating men—could almost on the instant have perceived that way out: the law of the footlights—the law of accelerating returns through crazes—and have thrown herself upon uncaptured markets with the elements that came to hand?

Looking back, I like to tell myself that on that first of September when the clock struck twelve I witnessed the birth of a commercial Napoleon—a woman of greatness, though she was a kind of monster. In her loyalty to a petty cause she showed a courage of conviction, a singleness of purpose, a devotion to the thing she'd created that might well have graced a saint. Even her mad rush for wealth was in some sort a self-denial and an austerity: if she loved money for what it brought, she loved it far more as the measure of her capacity to wrest it from the world. She saw it not as the fruit of fraud, but as tribute to her worth and usefulness. Out of her claptrap and tricks she certainly won a hardy self-respect; she was ethically a rudimentary type.

FROM the first of September I noticed a change in her difficult to define except with the word Napoleonic. Her operations grew larger and were also of a somewhat new type—her main idea now was to push across the footlights and let the craze do the rest. That was where the money lay—in cutting the selling costs—for the production costs could not be cut by the infinitesimal fraction of a cent except by using inferior ingredients, and that, as I've already said, she never considered. Indeed, filler for all our standard articles on the one-cent test cost too little to bother about, and my labor added only the twenty-fifth of a cent a jar to Zulu and less on the germ-proof face powder where a dollar's worth of labor was sufficient to dye and scent a hundred pounds of chalk which in turn yielded 6,400 quarter-ounce boxes of mineral paste for the trade.

As a logical consequence of the Napoleonic stage, my aunt now made her plunge into the retail mail-order business—on a wholesale plan. Though originally one of the reasons she'd given for taking a whole building, this had been



The Del Mar Beauty Parlors would weigh and measure you, standardize you as to fat and lean, and make you well and keep you well



Carafes
\$3.50
up

THE busy man of to-day has a Thermos Carafe filled with his favorite bottled water chilled to his taste and placed upon his desk every morning. Thermos keeps it cold until the last drop is consumed.

THERMOS

Serves You Right—
Food or Drink—Hot
or Cold—When—
Where—and As
you like

Thermos makes every walk of life easier.

In the home it is a wageless servant, saving endless steps for Father and Mother, and keeping Baby's milk clean, sweet, and free from infection. Afoot or afield, Thermos makes its presence felt in a thousand-and-one ways. No home is truly complete until it has its Thermos equipment.

For the June Wedding Gift you will delight the heart of any bride to be by sending the Thermos Tea, Coffee or Chocolate Jug.

The genuine has Thermos stamped on the base

Bottles \$1.00 upward
Carafes \$3.50 upward

THERMOS COMPANY
Norwich, Conn. Toronto, Canada

Write for Thermos Picture
Puzzle Cut Out FREE

COLORADO

The Beautiful and Economical Place for Your Vacation

Do you know that the mountain people are proverbially strong and sturdy? Why? The Rocky mountains are always healthful. The dry, high altitudes are a tingle with vital forces. If you're spent and worn; if your mind is sluggish; if your ideas come slow; if you're jaded, tired and draggy—it's time to cut the traces of your tasks and strike out for Colorado.

The journey means one night on the cars from Chicago or St. Louis—and such a trip! Great, commodious steel sleepers, beautiful dining cars, valet, barber and music on the Rock Island Lines' "Rocky Mountain Limited," daily from Chicago.

We maintain Travel Bureaus in all important cities. Our representatives are travel experts, who will help you plan a wonderful and an economical vacation, give you full information about hotels, camps, ranches, boarding places, and look after every detail of your trip.

Write today to L. M. Allen, Rock Island Lines, Room 722 LaSalle Station, Chicago

Low fares June 1 to September 30.

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B. S. & A. B. Lacey, Dept. 5, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869.

BOATS

For pleasure or business. Cruising Yachts, Fast Runabouts, Row Boats for Portable Motors, Dinghies, and Canoes. Some big bargains in shopworn craft.
RACINE BOAT WORKS, Muskegon, Mich.

hanging fire for several years. First she thought she would—that was under the stimulation of Mme. Granville; but while organizing the new establishment, one of the big drug concerns put out a line of facials with demonstrators, then, becoming disgusted with the expense, threw over the demonstrators and relied on magazine advertisement entirely, only to discover presently that their stock would not move. They were compelled to revert to their demonstrations.

"What fools men are dealing with women," was her comment. "You'd think an idiot child would know that when it comes to toilet preparations, women buy on smell—more afraid of getting the wrong scent tag on them than they are of a rattlesnake." Which means that perfumes not merely go out of fashion—they become absolutely taboo at certain trade levels—the badge of the "other class"; so the printed advertisement can never capture more than a portion of the women with the dollar. Madame's own demonstrations had trained her in the target advertisement that aimed a pink jar at a woman's eye and nose and told her: "You can be beautiful!" and picked off sales as it went along. Shotgun methods that aimed vaguely at the dear public, hit or miss, were to her mind abhorrently wasteful of cash and uncertain of result. She said she "knew ole Granville was a liar," and let the mail-order business go at that.

But now with a load of high-priced stock to move in a hurry through the fall season, goods easy to pack and mail without fear of breakage, she opened her advertising campaign with Apple Acid Soap and saw results that surprised her.

MISS WINKIE had done her duty by the house and herself—took the fat White Sisters into her childlike confidence and told them she wasn't half as bad as the papers had tried to make her out—not nearly so black as she'd been painted, as they could see by looking at her—and that her lovely form and face were the result of using Apple Acid Soap, and bit an Oregon apple to prove it. She sold the bitten apples for a dollar each and pocketed the proceeds as one of her perquisites.

Madame overlooked this trifling peccadillo—because she had to or lose Winkle, who was making more off bitten apples than her thousand-dollar fee—and rushed a small advertisement of the soap with Winkle's indorsement into one of the women's journals just as the forms were closing. Two hundred women responded in one week—nine hundred dollars! We were still using the French soap as an "introduction size" while waiting for our own small cake, "made in our laboratories and guaranteed to contain no acid," that was to sell at the same price, and madame had to send around town and buy it even of retailers to fill the orders. But the deed was done, and we became a mail-order house forthwith.

My aunt flung herself into this new line of activity as a hungry dog grabs a bone. She fairly barked and growled over it. Place had to be made for the department, a staff organized, a special catalogue system installed. And then—the "litterchure."

JULIA CRYDER and she hobnobbed together for hours—lunched together, dined together often—in the throes of creation; for it had suddenly seemed to come to my aunt that she could make her advertisements as personal and talky as a demonstration. I do not say she actually wrote the advertisements as they appeared—Julia, dear, fricasseed them into shape for serving—but she delivered the bone and meat; she gave them that something—Heaven alone knows what it is—that crosses the footlights. "Fat—the Vital Index"—she and Miss Cryder wrote a scientific booklet under that title to prove it: if you had too little, you were sick; if you had too much, you were sick; you might not know it, but you were. Fatty degeneration of the heart was an awful thing—the young newspaper artist drew a picture to show what you looked like with a fatty-degenerate heart; and several more to show the heart strangling with its degenerate fat. On the other hand, if you were too thin . . . But you need be neither—the Del Mar Beauty Parlors would weigh and measure you, standardize you as to fat and lean and make you well and keep you well. Scales were introduced into the parlors for this purpose and card records for the use of customers.

(To be concluded next week)

Wilson Bros

Athletic Union Suit

Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents



Look for the label



THE favorite undergarment for the active men who desire the maximum of comfort and neatness. The closed crotch prevents binding and chafing—no edges or buttons between the legs. Front and back openings are separated and cannot gap open—always orderly and smooth. Combines freedom, coolness and lightness—the ideal undergarment for sultry days. Wilson Bros Athletic Union Suit is the only garment of its kind licensed to be made under the Klosed-Krotch patents. Comes in a variety of woven fabrics. \$1.00 and up for men; 50c and up for boys.

Other furnishings bearing the Wilson Bros mark of quality include Shirts, Gloves, Hosiery, Suspenders, Neckwear, Handkerchiefs, etc.

Wilson Bros Open-Mesh Union Suit

Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

MADE with the same patented closed crotch as the Wilson Bros Athletic Union Suit. A superior open-mesh fabric, airy, absorbent, elastic, long-sleeves, half sleeves and sleeveless; ankle, three-quarter and knee-length. \$1.00 and up for men—50 cents for boys.



At your furnisher's or he can get them for you.

Wilson Bros Combinette Shirt

Licensed Under the Klosed-Krotch Patents

A ONE-PIECE garment that combines outer shirt and drawers. Ideal for playing golf, tennis and other open air activities. Crotch is closed like the Wilson Bros Athletic Union Suit. No working up or bunching of shirt tails. Half or full sleeves. Soft attached collars or without. \$1.50 and up.



Wilson Bros

Chicago

SAXON \$395



Price of \$395 includes windshield, top, door curtains, lamps, tools, jack and tire repair kit.

3000 SAXONS Now in Use

The Saxon is a tried and proved car. A car that is making good throughout the land. A car that has proven its mettle on the hills of Pittsburgh, Seattle, Kansas City, Boston, Cincinnati. A car that is standing the strains of country driving in Michigan, Wisconsin, Pennsylvania, New England, Colorado, Texas and all the other States. A car that is pleasing the fancy of wealthy buyers in New York and Chicago—and fitting the pocket book of thousands all over the country.

More than 3000 Saxons are already in use and we are shipping them at the rate of 75 a day.

No Test Too Hard

Saxons stand the trying test of owners' use because long before we put the cars on the market they had received at our hands all the testing we could then devise.

But we are still thinking up new tests. At Detroit a Saxon has just completed a grind of 135 miles a day for thirty consecutive days.

Under official observation it has gone a distance in thirty days of 4050 miles, equivalent to a year's use in the hands of the average owner.

It has averaged 30 miles to the gallon of gasoline with two passengers. Similar tests by our dealers show similar results.

Saxon Sturdiness Throughout

The old Saxon virtues of simplicity, sturdiness and endurance have been built into this car. Every bit of material used in it is

Write Dept. E Saxon Motor Company, Detroit, Mich.

of high grade—equal, in all the essential parts, to the quality of material used in cars costing five to ten times as much.

The smooth running, powerful motor of Saxon design is of Continental make. We use vanadium steel springs. The material in our axles, frames and transmission is as good as you will find in cars at \$1500 to \$2000.

And every Saxon car is thoroughly tested in the factory and on the road before it goes to you.

Good Looking and Economical

Saxon cars from the first have won the public by their good looks. They are snappy and up-to-date. Streamline body, tapered bonnet, molded oval fenders, racy lines give a smartness and distinction wholly new in low-priced cars.

The Saxon is wonderfully economical. You get 28 to 32 miles from a gallon of gasoline; 150 miles from a quart of oil. A set of tires should easily run 5000 miles, and when replacement is necessary a complete tire costs only \$11.95.

Order Your Saxon Now

The uses of the Saxon are numberless. The demand for them has been far ahead of what we anticipated. Some folks are going to have to wait. The wise thing to do is to order now.

The Double-Squeeze at Villa Borghese

(Continued from page 16)

examined the sky once again, Win whispered: "My name's James—S. W. James—remember! Explain later."

Getting the sign, Tris Ford nodded.

"When's the next train to Rome?" asked Win, smiling significantly upon Mrs. Leonard.

"I don't know exactly," answered Ford.

"Must start at once," announced Win.

"W-h-a-t for?" Tris Ford could not suppress his curiosity entirely.

"To see the American Ambassador."

THE manager's face brightened. "He's here—on the dock—waiting for—" Win scowled.

"—for an American he has to meet," completed Ford.

"After he sees his friend—whichever he is—have the Ambassador look us up at the Excelsior—that's the top-notch hotel, isn't it?"

"Mebbe it is," acknowledged Ford.

"I'm stopping there."

"On our way," ordered Win, rather arbitrarily. But he winked at Tris Ford.

"I'll join you there in—half an hour," said the manager—"after I've arranged with the Ambassador. Say—John Bismarck's all right. Why—he's a real fan."

But Win Shute was hurrying away—

out of range of the human ear. With Mrs. Leonard he rattled off in a one-horse victoria fortified by a taxi-fare register. That's why he didn't see the wireless operator of the *Colonia* taken from the ship and paroled in the custody of the British Ambassador.

At the time agreed Tris Ford knocked at the door of S. W. James—for so James Winton Shute was registered at the hotel in Naples. "Shall we talk here?" Ford asked, "or go to my room?"

"Here—Mrs. Leonard is across the hall."

"Say—who's this Mrs. Leonard and what's the game?" demanded Tris Ford. "You didn't wise up to it, but the American Ambassador was down on that dock looking for you."

"Honest? Are you next to the Ambassador?" Win Shute asked, eagerly.

"Sure I am. The President of the United States has 'released' him to me!" There was a matchless smile.

"Fine business! Now you can help me get Miss Leonard out of trouble."

"Miss Leonard?—daughter—"

"Only daughter—only girl!" Win's eyes gleamed. Then, catching the look of understanding on Tris Ford's face, half humorous, half glad, he blushed—

blushed as a bush leaguer sometimes does when returning to the bench after his first safe hit.

"You haven't been signed, have you?" asked the manager.

"Not yet," confessed Win, suppressing the inevitable sigh. "But I'd sign in a minute if she'd offer me a contract—contract with a reserve clause for life," he announced boldly.

THEN he told all about it, ending with the why and the wherefore of his incognito of "S. W. James."

"She'll never care for me a second when she knows I'm a professional ball player. She's a dead swell." Win extended gloom with every syllable.

"If she won't have you," said Tris Ford, "you wouldn't have her." This was not an Irishism.

"Tris—the unclad lad with the bow and arrow has winged me—might as well confess it."

"You don't have to tell me that," laughed Ford.

"Why not?" Win was startled. Had the world begun to guess?

"Because you haven't so much as referred to your own case—how you got aboard that ship, and how you were treated."

"Oh, I cabled that from Gibraltar. I'm all right—so what's the use bothering over it now?"

"Well, I'm—" Tris Ford didn't finish. His expression was enough.

"I know—you think I ought to be fighting mad at the crooks that put me aboard that boat drugged," said Win. "One way I am—another I'm not. If I hadn't been sent off on the *Colonia*, I shouldn't have met Imogen Leonard."

TRIS FORD wagged his head from side to side, looking the while like a fair reproduction of Resignation. He asked the king of second basemen if he had any objection to further activities on the manager's part to land the chief crook in prison. Win Shute had none, provided he was not dragged into it until he had made his "play for the girl." But when Tris Ford sought information about Jerrold Mansel, there was a protest.

"See here, Tris," argued Win, "what Mansel did to me—suppressing my messages and faking a wireless from you to the captain—was rotten bad, I know. But let me tell you something: at the same time he was protecting Miss Leonard!"

"How?"

"The captain of the *Colonia* was getting messages asking him if a person answering her description was aboard the boat—she traveled under the name of Riley, remember I told you. Same time she was getting messages from some friend ashore, warning her. As I understand it, her wirelesses were in code—but she didn't have the right code with her; so couldn't read 'em, and had to ask for translations in plain English."

Of course then the wireless operator spotted her. But Jerrold Mansel didn't give her away to a soul on the ship—not even to the captain!

"What's more—he didn't take advantage of his inside information; he didn't try to—work on her sympathies because he was shielding her. There's some good in that chap yet."

Tris Ford gave assurances of fair dealing in regard to the wireless operator—for Miss Leonard's sake! Abruptly he asked about the young lady: where she was. He was told that Imogen Leonard was detained in the best hotel at Genoa, which was surrounded by guards, and that Win Shute wouldn't have left her there alone if she hadn't insisted that he take her mother to Rome to see the American Ambassador. This mission had made it possible for Win to obey the cablegram directing him not to leave the ship until arrival at Naples. "Why is Miss Leonard detained?" Tris Ford asked, pointedly.

"Her mother knows—I don't," answered Win.

"You don't know?"

"Of course not! You don't suppose I tried to pry into her secrets." Win Shute's manner said further: "How very preposterous!" But Tris Ford wasn't taken in. He looked Win straight in the eye, smiled in a way to take the sting off what he intended to say, then let fly: "You batted .337 this last season, didn't you?"

"Believe I did—but what are you driving at?" The manager paid no attention to the question, simply went ahead:

"That means you made a safe hit every third time you faced the pitcher—a remarkable record. But two times out of three you failed to deliver the punch. Perhaps you went out on a pop fly, perhaps you struck out. I remember one



Judge—Well, you certainly performed that robbery in a brutally ingenious way, but—
Crook—Aw, Judge, yer flatters me!

You get a whole new novel every month in

MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

and get it first, get it before it goes into book form.

The Munsey with its complete novel and all other features costs you 15c.

The same novel when it goes into book form will cost you \$1.50.

Sixty Miles an Hour
and No Stops—Or



ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

Why are Delco Equipped Cars So Eagerly Sought After by Intelligent Automobile Buyers?

Why is it that before the end of the season Delco Equipped Cars are almost invariably oversold?

Why is it that Delco factories in spite of their constantly increasing output have never been able to supply the demand made upon them?

Frankly—it is because more than 115,000 car owners have so emphatically demonstrated Delco efficiency—

Because—owing to the fundamentally correct principles upon which Delco engineering is based, the owner of a Delco Equipped Car is practically certain of perfect cranking, lighting and ignition no matter whether he drives his car sixty miles an hour with few stops or fifteen miles an hour with many stops.

There are three underlying principles of successful electrical equipment for a gas car—

First—Its ability to maintain a fully charged battery no matter how fast, or how slow the car is driven.

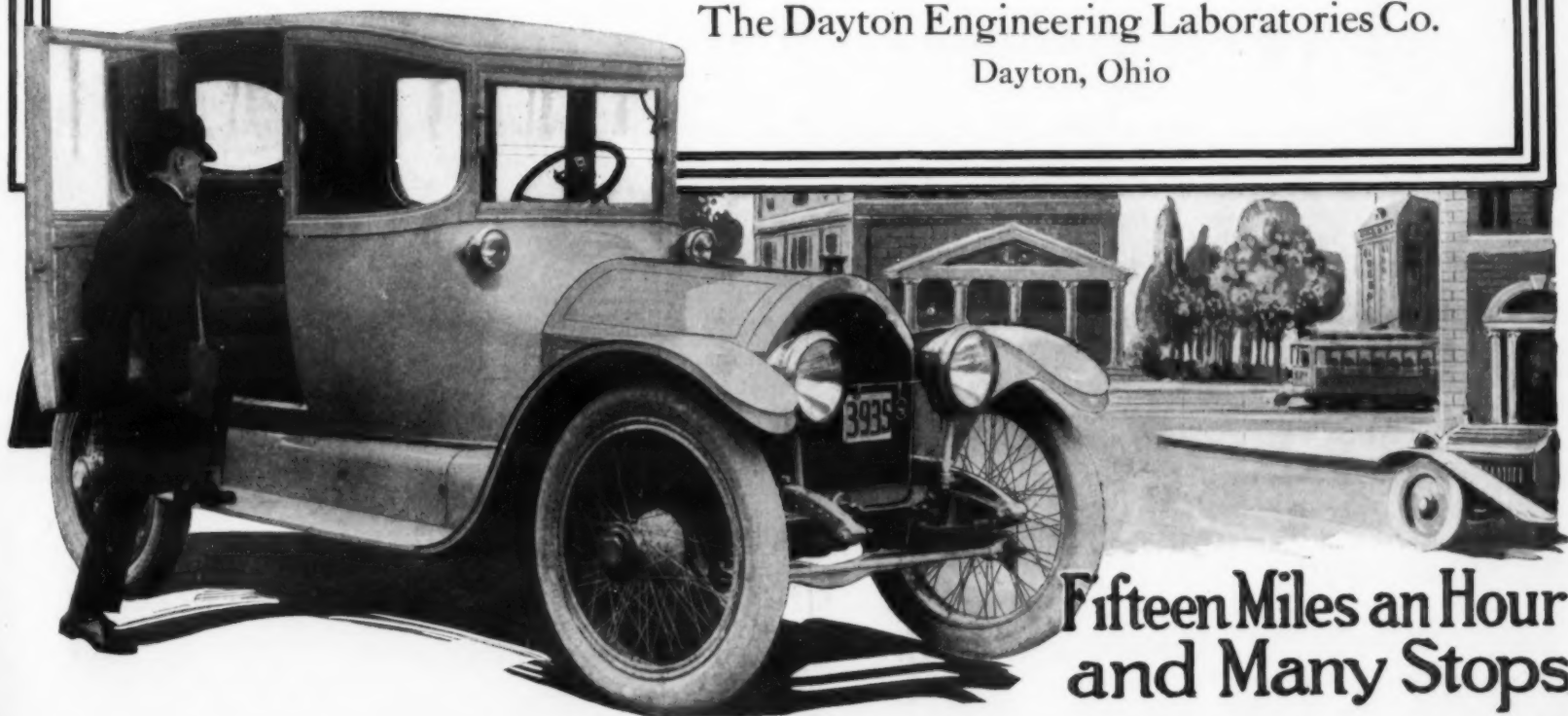
Second—Its ability to stand up under the excessive strains and stresses of hard driving.

Third—Its adaptability to the particular car upon which it is used.

The simplicity and correctness of Delco design—the almost unbreakable character of Delco construction and the wide range of Delco efficiency have back of them the testimony of three years of actual service on the very highest type of American cars, and the experience of more than 115,000 thoroughly satisfied owners.

That is why this season as in former seasons, the demand for Delco Equipped Cars is greater than the factories can supply.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio



Fifteen Miles an Hour
and Many Stops



\$25,000.00 in Cash Prizes

to more firmly establish this Emblem and its significance in your mind. This Emblem is the token by which you may identify the members of this Association. It typifies the ideals that are the Qualifications for Membership.

The privilege of using this Emblem has been bestowed upon these manufacturers so that wherever you see it you may know that it is associated with those concerns whose record of achievement has won for them this merited distinction evidenced by the endorsement of public approval.

We believe implicitly that there are men and women everywhere to whom these concerns mean infinitely more than merely successful commercial enterprises. We know that their years of fair dealing with worthy products have built up a legion of warm and loyal friends, and we say to each member's friends, "You are justified in having confidence in every other member."

It is one of the axioms of this Association that "an exchange of ideas creates new ideas." The offer that is here described on this page has been arranged to create an even greater appreciation of the integrity and merit that underlies these products. To give a just reward for the time and thought that will be spent, we are offering these prizes. Read every line of this message—then turn your ideas into dollars.

To Everybody \$10,000.00 in Cash Prizes for IDEA LETTERS

on either of the following subjects:

- 1st. Your ideas of the Superior merits or any new uses of our Members' products, such as may be used for an advertisement; privileged to use illustrations, if desired.
- 2nd. Your suggestions of NEW BUSINESS IDEAS pertaining to production or sales in any branch of any Member's business.

First Prize . . . \$1,000.00	Eighth Prize . . . \$100.00	Next 25 Prizes . . . \$50.00 each
Second Prize . . . 500.00	Ninth Prize . . . 100.00	Next 50 Prizes . . . 20.00 each
Third Prize . . . 250.00	Tenth Prize . . . 100.00	Next 100 Prizes . . . 10.00 each
Fourth Prize . . . 100.00	Eleventh Prize . . . 100.00	Next 200 Prizes . . . 5.00 each
Fifth Prize . . . 100.00	Twelfth Prize . . . 100.00	And \$3,000.00 in prizes of \$1.00 each for the next 3,000 ideas accepted.
Sixth Prize . . . 100.00	Thirteenth Prize . . . 100.00	Total, \$10,000.00
Seventh Prize . . . 100.00		

SPECIAL: "AWARD OF MERIT" TO EVERY PRIZE WINNER

You will receive a handsome "AWARD OF MERIT" as a permanent record of your "accepted ideas," with your name engraved thereon, containing our complete membership and bearing the Association Emblem embossed in its natural colors, officially signed and sealed by the officers of the Association.

- CONDITIONS:** 1st—You may submit one letter only for each Member of the Association.
2nd—Each letter may be written on any or all of the subjects as listed above the prizes on this page.
3rd—Each letter must contain the respective Member's name at the top, followed by your idea, expressed in not over 50 words. Sign your name and address at the bottom.
4th—Each letter must be on one sheet of paper, written on one side only.
5th—This contest closes on May 15, 1915, and all contest mail must bear postmark not later than that date. No questions can be answered in this contest. Do not send any of your suggestions direct to Members of the Association, but mail them in one package.

ADDRESSED TO: "Idea Letter Department"
Rice Leaders of the World Association
Fifth Avenue and 34th Street, New York City

where they will be officially stamped, entered in the contest, and forwarded to each of the respective Members who will judge and pass upon the ideas submitted for their respective concerns.

6th—No contestant shall submit the same idea for more than one Member.
All ideas submitted will be judged upon their merit and value, and will become the property of the Association and its respective Members, and will not be returned.

The person having the largest number of idea letters accepted will receive the first prize, the second largest number second prize, etc.

Should there be a tie for any of the prizes, full prize will be given those tying.
Prize Winners' Names, listed by Countries, States and Cities, will be on display in the windows or stores of various merchants whom you see making window displays in the Window Display competition. These lists will be mailed to merchants from our New York Association offices on August 14, 1915.

Power and Riches Come from Ideas

Read Every Word of this Unusual Message.
It carries beyond the thousands of dollars in cash prizes unparalleled opportunity to submit your ideas to these great concerns; consider what it would mean to you, beyond a cash prize, to have your ideas accepted by such concerns.

Add your own ideas to those that have been behind the sale of these famous products. Successful as they have been, such ideas have by no means exhausted the fertile field of possibilities. Some of the best advertising and sales ideas in use today have been inspired in just this way.

Look for the window displays of these products at your dealers; ask your dealer and friends about these products. An exchange of ideas creates new ideas.

BY INVITATION, THE FOLLOWING ARE MEMBERS:

Rifles—Shotguns and Ammunition
WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
New Haven, Connecticut

"Y and E" Filing Devices and Office Systems
YAWMAN & ERBE MFG. CO.
Rochester, N. Y.

Hams, Bacon, Lard, Veribest Specialties, Grape Juice
ARMOUR & CO.
Bouillon Cubes, Laundry and Fine Toilet Soaps

Pillsbury's Best Flour
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Towle's Log Cabin Syrup
THE TOWLE MAPLE PRODUCTS CO.
St. Paul, Minn.

Fine Furniture
BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

"Niagara Maid" Silk Gloves & Ladies' Silk Underwear
NIAGARA SILK MILLS
North Tonawanda, N. Y.

Rugs and Carpets
M. J. WHITTALL
Worcester, Mass.

Linoleums and Oil Cloths
COOK'S LINOLEUM CO.
Trenton, N. J.

Fine Brass Beds, Steel Beds and Springs
THE SIMMONS MANUFACTURING CO.
Kenosha, Wis.

Typewriters
REMINGTON TYPEWRITER CO.
New York

Sharpening Stones and Abrasive Materials
THE CARBORUNDUM CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Small Motor and Fan Specialists
THE ROBBINS & MYERS CO.
Springfield, Ohio

Watches
ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Chicago, Ill.

Umbrellas
HULL BROTHERS UMBRELLA CO.
Toledo, Ohio

Bohn Syphon Refrigerators
WHITE ENAMEL REFRIGERATOR CO.
St. Paul, Minn.

Alabastine-Sanitary Wall Coating
ALABASTINE CO.
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Fruit Jars, Packers' and Druggists' Glassware
HAZEL-ATLAS GLASS CO.
Wheeling, W. Va.

Varnishes, Japans, Enamels, Fillers, Stains, Shellacs
BERRY BROTHERS, Inc.
Detroit, Mich.

Additions to our membership as admitted will be published in future Association announcements.

"Yale" Locks, Builders' Hardware and Chain Hoists
THE YALE & TOWNE MFG. CO.
New York

Revolvers and Automatic Pistols
SMITH & WESSON
Springfield, Mass.

Lawn Mowers
COLDWELL LAWN MOWER CO.
Newburgh, N. Y.

Waterman's "Ideal" Fountain Pens and Ink
L. E. WATERMAN CO.
New York

Holeproof Hosiery
HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO.
Milwaukee, Wis.

Clockmakers since 1817
THE NEW HAVEN CLOCK CO.
New Haven, Conn.

"Indestructo" Trunks and Luggage
NATIONAL VENEER PRODUCTS CO.
Mishawaka, Ind.

Electric Heating Apparatus
SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING CO.
Cambridge, Mass.

"I-P" Loose Leaf Books and Forms
IRVING-PITT MANUFACTURING CO.
Kansas City, Mo.

Crane's Paper and Fine Stationery
EATON, CRANE & PIKE CO.
Pittsfield, Mass.

Chalmers' "Porosknit" Underwear
CHALMERS KNITTING CO.
Amsterdam, N. Y.

Women's Fine Shoes, "Queen Quality"
THOMAS G. PLANT CO.
Boston, Mass.

Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Lenses, "Fits-U" and Other Optical Goods
AMERICAN OPTICAL COMPANY
Southbridge, Mass.

Electric Pleasure & Com'l Autos "Detroit Electric"
ANDERSON ELECTRIC CAR CO.
Detroit, Mich.

"Oildag," "Gredag," "Acheson-Graphite and Electrodes
INTERNATIONAL ACHESON GRAPHITE CO.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

Lead Pencils, Pen Holders, Rubber Bands and Erasers
EBERHARD FABER
New York

Fine Mechanical Tools
THE L. S. STARRETT CO.
Athol, Mass.

California Canned Fruits and Hawaiian Pineapple
HUNT BROTHERS COMPANY
San Francisco, Cal.

Onyx Enamel Ware
COLUMBIAN ENAMELING & STAMPING CO.
Terre Haute, Ind.

Complete membership participating in this competition will not exceed fifty concerns, and will be published in October periodicals, including the "Saturday Evening Post," October 10th, 1914; the Window Display Competition and the Idea Letter Competition as outlined on this page will be open until May 15th, 1915. Any contestants sending in their contributions prior to October 10th, 1914, will be privileged to send in the extra contributions for additional members any time prior to the close of contests, May 15th, 1915.

Rice Leaders of the World Association

Elwood E. Rice, Founder & President

Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street

New York, U. S. A.

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game where a bush-league pitcher didn't allow you a safety and fanned you twice."

"What are you driving at, Tris?"

"Merely this: the best of us get fooled once in a while."

"And you think I'm fooled on Miss Leonard?" asked Win, frowning. "I'm not fooled—not for one minute."

"Not necessarily," was Ford's diplomatic rejoinder. "But you might be fooled and still keep out of the bonhead class. They tell me history's full of brainy men who get fooled by women. And the better looking and the cleverer they are the easier a man's fooled. I assume Miss Leonard's—eh—good to look at?"

"Well—rather!"

"And not exactly dull," drawled Tris. "Clever enough to dope out new plays for the Giant-killers! And she doesn't care for baseball," Win Shute sadly remarked, failing completely to note the incongruity of his characterizations.

TRIS FORD didn't. He laughed gleefully. Then announced that he must keep his return engagement with the Ambassador. As he was leaving the room Win called after him:

"Want to talk over the World Series with you when you have time?"

"When I have time? Say—you've got it bad, ain't you?"

The manager of the Giant-killers walked down the hall chuckling.

THE Ambassador of the United States of America accredited to Italy welcomed Tris Ford with a broad, see-what-a-big-boy-am-I grin. Ford could guess—'twas the symbol of accomplishment.

"Job's done!" exclaimed John Bismar. "Jerrold Mansel has confessed and incriminated that scoundrel Stinger! Seems it took a lot of work and pull to get Mansel reinstated as an operator and assigned to the Colonia. The wireless company had kept tabs on him—knew he was drinking and slipping down grade—and they weren't keen to have him back at the key. Jake Stinger had to give that part of the plot his personal attention. He dealt directly with Mansel. So you'll get your man higher up all right."

"Will Mansel testify against Jake Stinger?" asked Ford, joyously.

"No doubt of it—that is, if you promise him immunity."

"We'll do more than that," said Ford. "I've been thinking of what Mansel did—saying the *Regent's* passengers—and can tell him that after he's helped us out by testifying he can come to me and I'll see that he gets a fresh start."

"I call that mighty liberal of you," said the Ambassador.

TRIS FORD shook his head. "No—Mansel will be doing a great thing for baseball—helping to soak the gamblers—so he deserves consideration. Besides, there must be plenty of good in a real hero like him."

"Ought to be and bet there is," The Ambassador pulled out his watch, caught the time, and got quickly to his feet. "If you'll excuse me," he said, "I'll complete this job with the British Ambassador so's we both can get back to Rome. Won't I see you there?"

"Sure," answered Tris Ford—"we play a game of ball there before long—our club and the new world's champions."

"Of course! I hadn't forgotten that big event. Keep this under your shirt—I've promised the President to get the King to see the game!"

"Fine!"

The Ambassador gripped Tris Ford by the hand preparatory to going.

"One minute, please," begged Ford.

John Bismar bobbed his head.

"Funny thing—but Mr. Shute has got it awful bad—got stuck on a girl! Why?"—Tris Ford leaned toward the Ambassador—"she's made him forget all

about being kidnaped—forget all about baseball!" This was the climax.

Forget baseball! The Ambassador couldn't believe it.

"Yes, sir. Why—he hasn't asked me a thing about the World Series yet, and I haven't had a chance to tell him about the round-the-world trip of our club and the world's champions."

"You don't tell me! He has got it bad. Hope she's the right girl."

"Shute swears she is—all right in every department. She's what I want to talk to you about, if you'll give me a minute more."

THE Ambassador was obviously surprised.

"You can help," Tris Ford added quickly. "You see, she's an American girl, and she's in trouble—in trouble over here."

"Over here? Where?" For the first time the Ambassador spoke sharply.

"Genoa."

"She's not Imogen Leonard?"

"That's her name—Imogen Leonard. And Win Shute says she's a mighty fine girl."

"I'll be damned!" exploded his Excellency John Bismar. Then after a period devoted to deep thought: "Does the White House know anything of this—know your man Shute's interested in this particular young woman?"

"Not as I know," answered Ford.

"Didn't know it myself till less'n an hour ago. But I say—why did you ask?"

It was the born diplomat, Tristram Carlingford, who put the question.

It was the Ambassador ex officio who parried:

"Because Washington knows that Imogen Leonard is under surveillance by the Italian Government. It is an international matter. And for the present, I regret to say, I can do nothing for you. I bid you good morning, Mr. Ford."

The Ambassador bowed—rather stiffly, the manager of the Giant-killers

afterward thought—and hurried off. His gait at least was not according to the canons of diplomatic usage.

Literally and figuratively Tris Ford threw up his hands when he got back to Win Shute's room.

THE President of the United States had been inducted into office with one dominating ambition, namely, to place a trust magnate behind the bars. While engaged in popularizing himself with the electorate he had attacked the giant combinations and especially lambasted the heads of the trusts. Guilt, he insisted, was *personal*, therefore nothing short of a magnate's confinement in a penal institution would "make the punishment fit the crime."

But when it came actually to picking the one trust—the one magnate upon whom the presidential wrath was to descend, it was far from an easy assignment. The ramifications of big business were multifarious, and to turn in one direction was to tread on some important body's money-crusted corns in another. Ultimately, the President's own predilections influenced him—unconsciously of course.

AS a boy he had been afraid of firearms of every variety. Hunting held for him no lure. Even when he became first citizen the presidential salute of twenty-one guns made him jump. He much preferred "Hail to the Chief" capably rendered by sounding brass and jingling cymbal. No, the President wasn't a sportsman. He was an advocate of peace. Thus, unwittingly swayed by his personal bias, the head of the nation selected the president of the Powder Trust for the role of horrible example.

J. Pierce Lamont, president of the Pierce Powder Company, was the magnate marked for sacrifice. And the At-

Whenever you see this tread, think—

"That is the tire that costs more to buy and less to use than any other tire."

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Here is a Republic Quality Tire especially designed for small cars. He is fully worthy of the name Republic; he gives dollar for dollar service. Here are his specifications:

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The hardest hitting and most accurate rifle for small game and target shooting.

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The deep Ballard target rifling is the reason—it develops maximum power and adds years to the rifle's life. Ask us about Ballard rifling.

Other equally important advantages, too, make the Marlin the most desirable of all repeating rifles.

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torney General, aided and abetted by the Secret Service, got busy, very busy. This was some time before Win Shute was shanghaied, before Imogen Leonard sailed for Alexandria, via Genoa, under the name of Miss Riley—as directed by her employer, who explained that her confidential relations with him, big figure in the business world, would subject her to the importunities of interviewers.

EVERYTHING was done with unwonted secrecy, considering that it was a government undertaking, and the man hunt was progressing most favorably when, one day, the Washington correspondent of the New York "Standard" called at the White House and requested an interview with the President. The "Standard" was an independent paper which leaned toward the President's party; its support the executive fervently desired for his administrative and legislative program. The "Standard" was a great newspaper, therefore not untainted with "yellow."

The details of that interview will never be known. But it subsequently leaked out that the President, later in the day, made the big mistake of his term in attempting to go over the correspondent's head by appealing directly to the editor. In a word, the President tried to suppress news! Result—"pitiless publicity." (The phrase is quoted because it was the President's own, uttered before election and turned on him when he ran counter to it.) In twenty-four hours the country rocked with indignation.

AN American girl, sole support of a widowed mother, while enjoying her first real vacation in years—a trip to Europe—had been torn from her parent by Italian soldiers, thrown into prison, and there given the "third degree." Poor, persecuted Imogen Leonard!

Such was the "flash," in newspaper parlance, that traveled over free America. In more detail:

Miss Leonard was stenographer and private secretary to one of the officers of the Pierce Powder Company. This concern, sometime called the Powder Trust because of its command of the industry, had manufactured powder for the Italian Government under a secret formula furnished by Italy—a powder peculiarly adapted for transportation and for use in the tropics. This manufacturing was done by agreement that powder so made was not to be sold to any other country than Italy, excepting of course the United States.

In the war with Turkey over Tripoli, Italy found that the Turks were using identically the same powder! And while the Turkish supply could not be directly traced to the Pierce Company, the Italian Government was convinced in its monarchical mind that the American Powder Trust had violated its agreement.

IF Italy could prove this, there was a large monetary forfeiture provided in the original agreement—something that could be enforced either through diplomatic channels or through The Hague. All that Italy needed was the proof.

Imogen Leonard could furnish the proof! Because of her confidential relations with the head of the trust, Italy believed there was no doubt about it. This was why she had been forcibly taken from the *Colonia* when the steamship called at Genoa and placed under surveillance.

Regardless of party affiliations the press, the country hurled at the White House the verdict—outrage!

The President was not without his excuses. Proof of J. Pierce Lamont's guilt under the criminal section of the Sherman law lay in a secret memorandum whereby the restraint of the powder trade was maintained. This memorandum had been dictated by Lamont to his stenographer, Imogen Leonard, and by her transcribed and mailed unsigned to the smaller fear-ridden manufacturers of powder. Wherefore, Miss Leonard could give testimony that would convict J. Pierce Lamont—land a trust magnate behind the bars!

UNFORTUNATELY, Miss Leonard's vacation, comprehending a sea trip at the expense of her employers, was so timed—owing to a leak in the United States Attorney's office—that she was beyond the three-mile limit before the Secret Service knew of it. Nothing remained, therefore, but to engage the cooperation of some foreign power in the enterprise of detaining the vitally important witness and effecting her return home—to the witness box. Italy's fight with the

Powder Trust dovetailed nicely into this scheme. Miss Leonard was to be detained by the Italian authorities and pumped, but with the American Ambassador standing by, ready to offer a refuge—and safe return home!

ON the part of the Administration at Washington it was Machiavellian, on Italy's part the execution of America's "third degree." At best it wouldn't look well in print—at worst it would defeat the President's party at the next election. Wisely, the White House kept silent. But the American Ambassador to Italy bestirred himself.

Less than twelve hours after the storm broke in the United States, Imogen Leonard, under the courteous escort of His Excellency John Blumer, started for Rome to rejoin her mother.

The same day in the White House, after his "shop talk" with the correspondents, the President buttonholed one of the newspaper men with whom he maintained confidential relations, and asked him how the story about Imogen Leonard had broken loose. He received this reply:

"The 'Standard' got it from its correspondent in Italy. American by the name of Shute gave the tip."

"Not Win Shute—second baseman of the Giant-killers?" inquired the Chief Magistrate.

"Dunno," was the newspaper man's confession. He was not a fan.

The next morning the "Standard" had another gorgeous beat. Its correspondent in Italy had discovered the lost ball player, Win Shute! Followed a most dramatic story of the drugging and shanghaiing of the king of second basemen.

James Winton Shute had paid in news for the release of Imogen Leonard!

OUT of the horde of Americans who have invaded Europe, three are remembered: General Grant, Colonel Roosevelt, and Pitcher Larkin. Each made his impress, but of these impressionists Barney Larkin contributed by far the most color. He said when he got back to the Giant-killers' ball park that he might forget his trip abroad but he didn't think Europe would!

Naples, where the globe-running baseball players landed, was the one place where Barney devoted himself strictly and wholeheartedly to sightseeing. Accompanied by Earnest Steadman, his guide, custodian, and friend, he fared forth, with the best intentions to behold every treasure that the city and its environs advertised. But he was first conducted to the Neapolitan Aquarium—and never left it. Here "Damon and Piscatorius" were enraptured with the curious marine wonders of the Mediterranean—cuttle fish, crested blubbers, impossible-looking crabs, crayfish, and pipefish, the electric rays, which Barney, after experiencing a shock, pronounced, "lives wires, all right!"

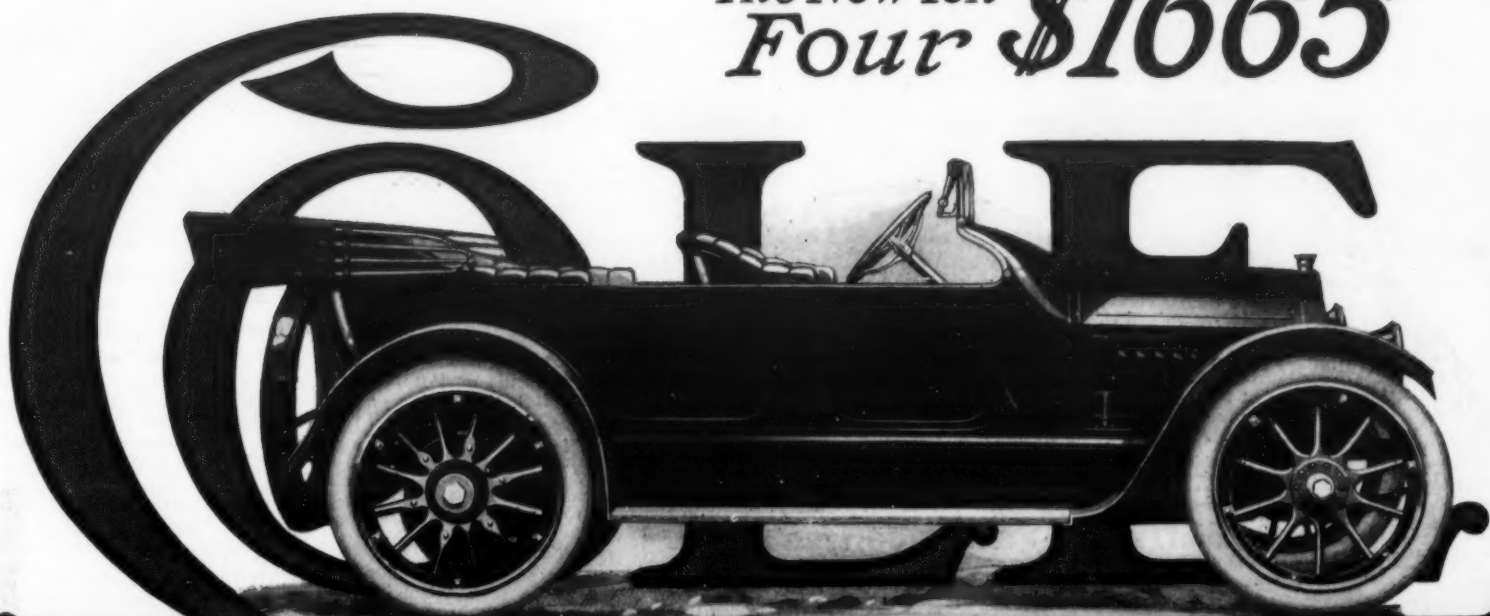
Above all, the eccentric twirler was delighted with the Octopus! At home Barney had seen pictures of it in the papers, usually labeled Standard Oil, or Sugar, or Steel, but in a foreign land he saw it in the original—mother of the trusts! He had to be dragged away to the train.

At Rome he announced that he was tired of "lookin' round." But some one told him of the Catacombs—cellars where the early Christians were laid on the shelf. He apparently became fascinated with the subterranean phenomenon, and devoured all of the literature he could find on the subject. The reason he gave for visiting the Pantheon was that "twenty-eight wagon loads of the best bones" had been carried there from the Catacombs and planted beneath the altar.

WHEN he made his excursion to the Roman Catacombs, he took Earnest Steadman with him. Apparently he wandered through the galleries absorbed in what he saw. But there was malice aforethought in his wanderings. He succeeded in losing his keeper!

Rome remembers to this day what ensued. The alcoholic eruption ended shortly after midnight. Barney Larkin, a dirty sweater draped togarwise about his powerful shoulders, his head bare save for a wreath filched from the tomb of Raphael, paraded up and down the middle of the Piazza di Spagna, pausing only to cool his brow in Bernini's nautical fountain, and proclaimed himself Caesar! At his heels shuffled the riffraff, tagrag, and bobtail of modern Rome shouting "Eviv-va l'Amer-ica-no!" It

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The constant increase of this demand shows that we were right in believing that the motoring public wanted a high-grade Four at an economical price.

Nothing but Cole Standardization could possibly have produced such a car at such a price. It's a five-passenger car, beautiful in design, luxurious in comfort. *Cole Standardization keeps quality up and prices down.*

Before you buy any car, see this new Cole Ten Four, which right now is selling the heaviest in the centers where seventy-five per cent of America's automobiles are made—in Detroit, Indianapolis, Cleveland and Buffalo—where motor-judgment is keenest and where actual big value is the prime essential in a sale.

New gasoline feed that positively saves you at least 25% in fuel

And, added to all the other standardized features which have made the Cole the most talked of car, you now get the new Warner Vacuum Gasoline Feed System. In its simplicity alone it is marvelous.

With the tank on the rear of the car, where it rightfully belongs, where it balances the car and adds to your safety, this system positively feeds the gasoline, no matter how steep the hill you may climb.

The carburetor can be regulated to work under the most adverse conditions—the flow of gasoline to carburetor is even and smooth—a constant, steady feed, without sudden changes that mean waste and upset adjustment of the carburetor.

A constant, even pressure, eliminating necessity of pumping by hand—no hand-pressure pump, no power pump, no pressure gauge on dash. You can leave filler cap entirely off without affecting the working of this system. No filter on gasoline line to clog or freeze—absolutely none of the old-fashioned sources of bother, worry and trouble.

Instead of the old systems, there is a small tank located on engine side of dash—where it gets and retains the heat from the motor, which helps carburetion. The top chamber of this tank fills and empties into the lower chamber automatically, supplied from the large tank at the rear of the car. The lower chamber is piped to the carburetor, giving an uninterrupted, even flow at unchanging pressure.

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It is automatic and fool-proof. It requires no attention whatever. It works silently and surely for you, saving gasoline and reducing your operating expense.

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Write to us today for "Why the Standardized Car?"—our new booklet that tells you and shows you with untechnical simplicity just how and why Cole Standardization produces a better car at a lower cost.



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Notice to dealers and users: We have arranged to display our various models for your inspection, at our big new factory in Indianapolis, while you are here to attend the Five Hundred Mile Race, May 30th.

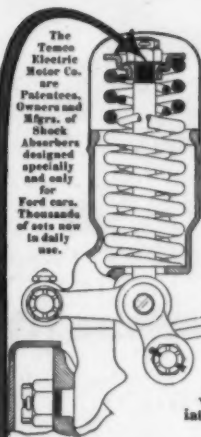


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ONLY \$15



RIGHT NOW—make sure of the luxury of riding—anywhere, all the time, with Temco Shock Absorbers, designed and built specially for Ford cars only. Only \$3.75 each—\$15 for the full set of four—and you have tire protection, engine protection, car protection, that actually save the cost in cash many times over. And all the comfort and luxury besides.

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Stiffness Vanishes

Temco Shock Absorbers give your car great flexibility—actually help the steering mechanism—reduce friction between the motor and the running gear—preserve the alignment—save repair and upkeep expense—keep your car in better condition, thus giving you the most use and the most pleasure—add to the sales value of your car.

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The known quality of high-grade springs proves the standard efficiency of the Temco—long double coil sensitive to the least jar—tough and tested quality to outlast any car. This is a new element in shock absorber construction—based upon scientific mechanical principles—not the product of a "cold blacksmith" or experimenter. The special creation of a master designer whose work has won him great reputation. No friction whatever. Design and construction covered by our original patents (Sept. 9, 1913) and patents now pending, covering double spiral spring and other improvements as here illustrated in sectional cut. All infringements will be vigorously prosecuted.

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We have been advertising in the Leading Magazines for ten years. That means that we have made good with the

EMPIRE CANDY FLOSS MACHINE

A 6 cent pound of ordinary sugar with this machine will within 8 minutes make \$1.50 worth of candy floss. No experience necessary. Over \$100.00 a day profit has been made with this wonder money-maker. And it will keep on making this enormous profit year after year with no expense for repairs. Ten years of big money-making experience have proved this your opportunity.

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"We received the Empire Candy Floss Machine and have operated it daily. It does beautiful work and we sell all we make."

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"Send me catalog of Candy Floss Machine. I operated one for three weeks and averaged from \$15.00 to \$18.00 per day with it and like it very much, and now want to buy one of my own."

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"I have just finished a very successful week at El Paso fair. My profits were over \$1,000.00."

H. A. ADAMS, El Paso, Texas.
"The Empire Candy Floss Machine you shipped me on June 8, 1909, was in every respect what you represented it to be. It will make floss rapidly, is a novelty that attracts crowds wherever operated. Everybody buys it and it has proven a great money-maker."

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\$10 NO EXTRAS



required six Roman policemen, reinforced by a pair of Carabinieri, to complete his arrest. The next day he pitched one of the most effective games of his careless career.

This game was staged in the Villa Borghese, where Rome annually engages in the Battle of Flowers. It was a rare occasion, honored by the King of Italy and his suite, all in brilliant uniform—especially the representative of the cavalry arm who wore a long cape of Alice blue. The diplomatic corps contributed quantities of gold lace to render the spectacle even more splendid. It really transcended the posters with which the late Phineas Barnum was wont to commemorate the performances of his circus before "the crowned heads of Europe." Barney Larkin said it beat pitching on ladies' day with the President of the United States looking on—"beat it all hollow."

TRIS FORD was in the King's loge, seated next to Victor Emmanuel III, to explain the game to his Majesty. In the adjoining box was the American Ambassador. His Excellency John Bismarck had with him Mrs. Leonard and her daughter Imogen Leonard. He had insisted that they be his guests, and as James Winton Shute offered no objection—indeed, offered no conflicting invitation—the ladies had accepted.

Baseball history repeats itself. The Giant-killers went to bat in the last half of the ninth inning with the score 2 to 1 against them. On the first ball pitched, Ryan singled—and the King nodded approvingly at Tris Ford, who was trying to sit unmoved in his chair. The Giant-killers then fooled their opponents—rated as the world's champions—who figured that Olds, the next man up, would bunt. Instead of that, the signal was given for the hit and run, and Ryan sprinted for second base at the same time Olds was swinging at a fast ball. Expecting a bunt, the first baseman was almost toppled over by the "grass cutter" and juggled it long enough to let the batter get to first and Ryan to second. A moment later the pair pulled off the double steal. There was a man on third, a man on second, and nobody out!

JOHN BISMARCK leaned into the adjoining box and whispered to Tris Ford: "Exactly the situation in the last game of the World Series!"

"One big difference," corrected the manager of the Giant-killers, "there ain't the same lad at bat. Watch!"

The man who came to bat in the crisis had a familiar bearing. He carried himself like a figure known to this recital. But his face was either unknown or strangely transformed. The sporting writers at home could have explained this: Those prehistoric caps worn by the Giant-killers! Long had the homely headgear been condemned as something which dated back to the time when baseball was known as "rounders," but Tris Ford wouldn't change. To alter the design might bring bad luck! Now the man at bat was glad that there had been no change. Not a soul—not the soul—would recognize him!

He shifted around restlessly at the plate. "Hardest man to pitch to in the league!" he was called.

"One ball."

"One strike!" he had let it go by.

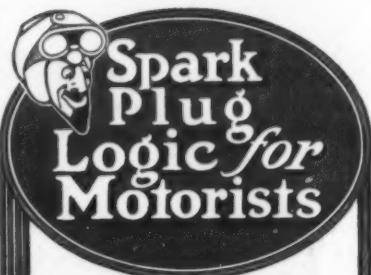
He moved about, swung his bat, raised his shoulders to let out a kink in his muscles, and—quickly but unostentatiously pulled down the visor of his cap.

Instantly the runner on third edged off the bag, more and more, and the moment the pitcher lifted his arms and began to wind up he dashed for the plate. There was a gasp, for it seemed that the man was rushing in to certain destruction. But the agile youth at bat reached out and deftly tapped the ball! It rolled with exasperating slowness toward the pitcher, who was hurrying to field it.

UP went a shout. The tying run was scored for the Giant-killers! And like unleashed lightning the batsman was making tracks for first base.

At the same time, rounding third and never pausing for an instant, the base runner who had been on second was coming home. Of course he was crazy! The pitcher would look up, see him half-way to the plate, toss the ball to the catcher, and the foolish base runner would be an easy out.

But the pitcher was rattled. Already the score had been tied. He must make sure of one put-out! So, blindly he



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1. The intense heat of ignition sparks will burn away soft spark plug points. That is why the points or electrodes of cheap plugs fail to last. Bosch Plugs have especially heavy, nickel electrodes that persist in withstanding the intense heat. That is why the 1914 Grand Prize and Vanderbilt Cup Race winners used Bosch Plugs.

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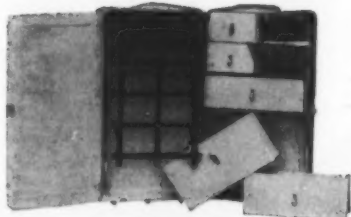
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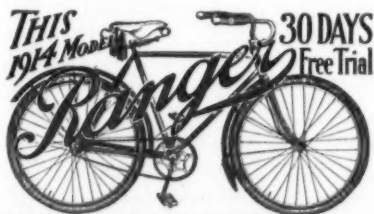
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wheeled and threw the ball to first base. The man who had bunted was out by inches. But—another runner had flashed over the plate!

The Giant-killers had won! When it was explained to him, the king congratulated Tris Ford. The next thing John Bismar got the manager's ear:

"That proves it—proves you have the best team. With the king of second basemen in the game you would have won the world's championship—sure!"

IN a grotto of the Borghese Gardens they met right after the game. With his uniform there was no mistaking his profession. He was a ball player. And she had said she didn't care for baseball! Courageously, but not with much confidence, he had submitted to the test. She should look upon him in his true setting—in the pastime he loved. If he was to lose out in the Important Game, as he had come to think of mating, he would be seen playing for all he was worth. And he had so played—had never played better in his brilliant service on the diamond.

"You know now—I'm a ball player," he said.

"And you know—I'm a 'stenog,'" she returned.

"Mighty glad you're not a swell," he told her.

"And I'm glad your side won," she told him.

Then a look of sadness swept over her. His heart almost stood still. Was it the end of the Important Game—and defeat?

"But I'm so sorry—very sorry—that you didn't hit the ball," she assured him.

"When?" He was confused.

"That last time—with two of your own men on bases, nervous to get where they started from!" She was very earnest.

"I knew you wanted to send the horrid little ball way out—far out so it couldn't be gotten back till after the two men were through running. And you tried—tried so hard, you dear boy. I was so disappointed—for your sake—that you couldn't knock it square—but just rolled it on the ground as I did when I tried to play golf. If it's any comfort to you, I'm heartsick over it!"

HE stared at her, wondering if possibly she could be making fun of him. Then, noting the heartfelt pity in her Irish blue eyes, he said, for the first time: "Imogen!"

And for the first time she answered: "Win!"

What eventuated was not lost upon Tris Ford, who came that way, with Mrs. Leonard in charge, at the right—or the wrong moment. To the surprised matron Tris Ford observed:

"Say—that young fellow was always the best in the country at pulling the play."

"What play?" anxiously inquired the mother of Imogen.

"Why—the double-squeeze!"

THE END

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These socks are made from such fine quality yarns and knit and reinforced so expertly that they have the look and feel of silk. They fit snugly at the ankles, have a genuine French Welt at the top that insures long wear, feel comfortable and are guaranteed as to wear. Sizes 9's to 12's—all leading colors—four grades.

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Note how many Cars have
No-Rim-Cut Tires with
This Matchless
All-Weather Tread



Goodyear Prices What They Buy

At Goodyear prices, this is what you get today in an automobile tire:

The tire which—starting from a tiny factor—won against some scores of rivals the topmost place in Tiredom.

The tire of which more than three million have been put to the test of use. And which this year—after those millions of mileage comparisons—has jumped 55 per cent in sales over last year.

The tire which scores of experts—working in laboratories—have spent years and years in perfecting. They have built thousands of tires in thousands of ways to learn how to better this one. In these ways they have spent \$100,000 yearly to attain the farthest limit in low cost per mile. And all their achievements are embodied today in this Goodyear No-Rim-Cut tire.

You get the tires which once cost users one-fifth more than other standard tires. They retain the same costly features. And today—as then—No-Rim-Cut tires are the only tires which have them.

Four Exclusive Features

Our No-Rim-Cut feature is found in these tires alone. That completely stopped rim-cutting, the major cause of tire ruin. And it brought you this saving in a feasible, faultless way.

Our "On-Air" cure is employed in no other tire. It adds \$1,500 per day to our tire cost. But it saves our users the countless blow-outs due to wrinkled fabric. We final-cure on air-filled tubes, under actual road conditions.

Our rubber rivets are created in these tires only. Hundreds are formed, during vulcanization, to combat loose treads. Thus we lessen this danger by 60 per cent.

All-Weather treads are exclusive to Goodyears. These are double-thick, tough anti-skids. They are flat so they run like a plain tread, yet they grasp wet roads with deep, sharp, resistless grips.

Note again those four exclusive features. Mark that they cover the four greatest tire troubles. Together they have made No-Rim-Cut tires the most popular tires in the world. They've saved motorists millions of dollars. And no other tire, whatever its price, offers you one of them—or anything that fairly compares with them. You get them all in No-Rim-Cut tires, and you get them at Goodyear prices.

GOOD YEAR
AKRON, OHIO
No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

Higher Prices Are They Just?

Now comes a condition where 16 makes are being sold above these Goodyear prices.

Some are nearly one-half higher. Numerous makers charge for three tires as much as four Goodyears cost. Tires which once undersold No-Rim-Cuts now cost you \$4 to \$15 more than these per tire.

It has come about in this way:

In the past few years No-Rim-Cut prices have been cut in two. Last year alone these prices dropped 28 per cent.

Other makers shared our lower cost for rubber. But we made other savings. We built new factories, modernly equipped. We invented and built money-saving machines. We employed efficiency experts.

Our output doubled over and over, until it lately exceeded 10,000 motor tires in a day. Our overhead cost dropped 30 per cent—labor cost 25 per cent. All because of this matchless output.

Profit Down to 6½ Per Cent

With multiplied output came the need for less profit. Last year we brought the average down to 6½ per cent.

The result of all is this year's Goodyear prices. They have come down so fast and far of late that others have ceased to follow. And the paramount question in Tiredom today is this question of extra price.

The self-evident truth is this:

You get in Goodyears the utmost in a tire. Their place and prestige prove that. Their amazing sales, after years of comparison, show what men have proved about them.

You get in Goodyears four great features which no other maker offers. Each adds to our cost but reduces your upkeep. And no extra price can buy one of them.

As for "quality" in a tire—that can mean only minimum cost per mile. And all our tests show that we have that. Any item of "quality" which means higher cost per mile is something no user wants.

It is folly to add to your tire cost. Get Goodyear tires at Goodyear prices. Almost any dealer will supply them.

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Dealers Everywhere

Branches and Agencies in 103 Principal Cities

Write Us on Anything You Want in Rubber



THOS. E. NEWTON

President of the Michigan State Fair; and owner of the Gayety Theatre of Detroit, Mich., says:

"For a long time I wondered why so many of my friends were taking to the pipe. One day I tried it myself, and now I congratulate myself for having started with Tuxedo, for since then life has been very enjoyable."

Thos. E. Newton



GEO. C. DANIELS

New England Passenger Agent of Southern Railway Co., Boston, says:

"For heavy smokers, Tuxedo's mildness lets them smoke as much as they want of it. For light smokers, this mildness proves beneficial and healthful."

Geo. C. Daniels



MILTON OAKMAN

Sheriff of Wayne County, Detroit, Mich., says:

"Tuxedo represents the top notch in tobacco quality. It is the mildest, smoothest, most soothing smoke I have ever enjoyed."

Milton Oakman

TUXEDO—And That Spring-y Feeling

IN comes Spring and that old lazy, yawny feeling. Makes a man get out his old pipe, puff away and start dreaming of good times to come.

Air's mighty sweet in his nostrils—and so is Tuxedo, too. Tuxedo has that "ethereal mildness" that the poet spoke of. A grand old tobacco to dream over.

We keep it mild and aromatic on purpose. Our idea is to make a tobacco that a man can smoke day in and day out and always find it a pleasant, light, easy, gentle smoke.

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe or Cigarette

Only ripe, mellow, perfect leaves of the highest grade Kentucky Burley are used in Tuxedo. This superior tobacco is further refined by the famous, original "Tuxedo Process", until every trace of harshness and "bite" disappears. All the exquisite mildness and mellow fragrance of the Burley leaf are developed to perfection.

Tuxedo is recognized as the favorite tobacco of critical American smokers—endorsed by hundreds of prominent men.

Tuxedo will afford *you* wholesome enjoyment and pleasant relaxation—try a pipeful.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, innerlined with moisture-proof paper . . . 5c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

We Give You This Fine Leather Tobacco Pouch

Every smoker appreciates a leather tobacco pouch. This handy, serviceable, Tuxedo Draw-Pouch is made of fine, soft, flexible tan leather, with a draw-string and snap that close pouch tight and keep the tobacco from spilling.

Send us 10c and your tobacco dealer's name, and we will mail you prepaid, anywhere in U. S., a 10c tin of TUXEDO and this handsome Leather Draw-Pouch. We gladly make this offer to get you to try TUXEDO. Address

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
Room 1258, 111 Fifth Avenue New York



Illustration one-third of actual size.



JOHN E. NORTHUP

Former Assistant State's Attorney and one of Chicago's leading trial lawyers, says:

"I enjoy a good game of golf, enjoy a good meal, enjoy the society of my friends, but the pleasure of all combined is lost unless I can top it off with an enjoyable smoke of Tuxedo."

J. E. Northup



GEO. A. KINGSBURY

Manager of the Chicago Opera House, says:

"I've smoked more expensive tobaccos than Tuxedo, but I never smoked a better one—and never hope to."

Geo. A. Kingsbury



EDW. H. CROSBY

Dramatic Editor of the Boston Post, says:

"I get genuine joy out of a pipeful of Tuxedo. I like its mildness and the fact that it doesn't bite my tongue."

Edw. H. Crosby



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12